

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

SIERRA MADRE, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1919.

VOL. XIII, NO. 20.

"Build the City—Trade Here"

"The Old Reliable"

RELIABLE SERVICE
QUALITY PRICES

HOUSEHOLD AND BUILDING

HARDWARE
PLUMBING
PAINTS

GAS RANGES

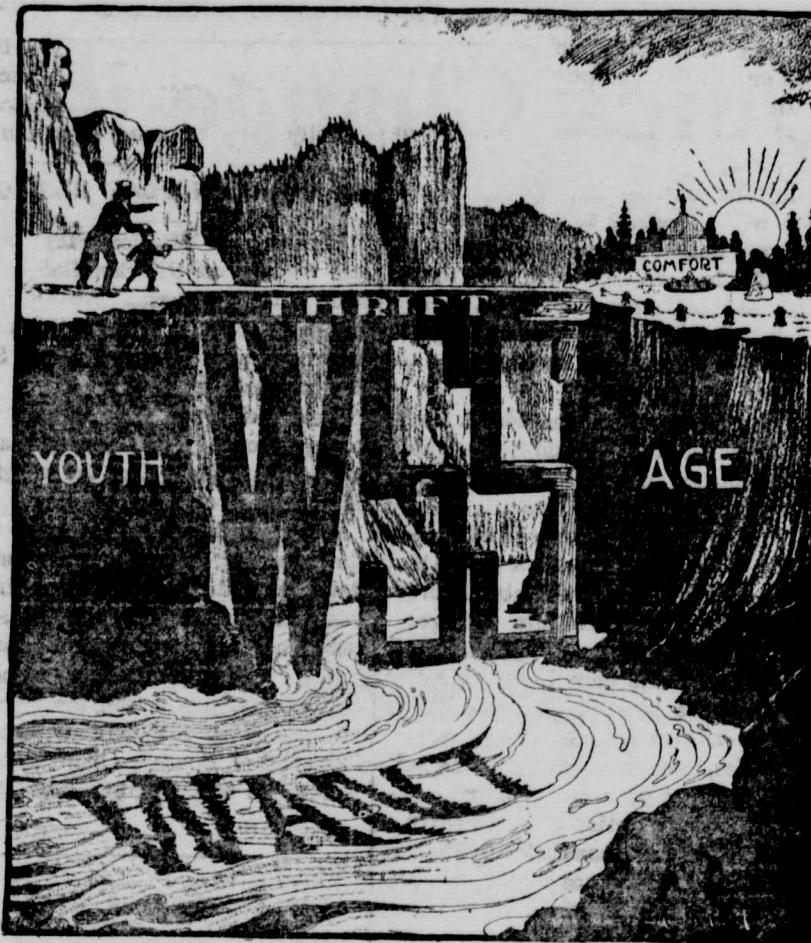
GAS HEATERS

A pleasure to show goods and quote prices.

CITY PRICES
OR LOWER

Sierra Madre Hardware Co.
31-35 West Central

START HIM RIGHT



"Build the City—Trade Here"



THRIFT is the lesson the war taught us. HABIT is one of the strongest human characteristics. A Savings Account will cultivate both and yield a 4 per cent profit.



ADVERTISING SIERRA MADRE ABROAD

The old philosopher, who said that the public would make a path to the door of the man who made something better than anyone else could make it, did not refer particularly to Mr. E. Waldo Ward—because E. Waldo Ward has made several hundred years of being anybody at that time.

However, the path is being made and it runs right thru Sierra Madre to 273 East Highland Avenue, where Mr. Ward is unobtrusively but industriously working his factory force overtime in an effort to catch up with orders that persist in keeping six to eight weeks ahead of his forced capacity.

Mr. Ward, as salesman for imported fancy groceries, covers the western part of the United States and is said to be one of the best authorities on these goods in the country. Years ago, before oranges were shipped everywhere, he conceived the idea that California oranges could be manufactured into a product that would excel all others and have a distinctive deliciousness all its own, and began at once experimenting on a formula or process for marmalade.

These experiments were continued for fifteen years without noise or talk and we doubt if but a small percentage of Sierra Madre people know today that he has succeeded—made his dream come true.

The demand for Ward's Orange Marmalade, (from oranges grown in his own grove) which is truly the most delicious high grade marmalade made, has grown so that the capacity of the present factory, though taxed to its utmost, is insufficient, and Mr. Ward was practically forced to enlarge it, to care for the increasing orders, therefore a contract was let and a new substantial stone building is now in course of construction.

The new factory when completed will be a model of modern sanitary methods and mechanical efficiency, and will employ ten or a dozen people all of whom live in Sierra Madre and "help build the city."

One hundred thousand beautiful lithographed labels have been ordered and as each glass jar of Ward's Orange Marmalade goes into the homes of 100,000 people in sixteen states, each householder will read that it was "made in Sierra Madre, California."

SEND THRIFT STAMPS FOR VALENTINES

When you select your valentine, to send to your friend this year, just select and buy a thrift stamp, each one of which is a genuine work of art, with a commercial value and Uncle Sam gets the money.

The various drives and other financial activities for war measures have rather pushed the thrift stamp in the shade, but now let's pull it out in the bright Southern California sunshine and give it the action it deserves—as the best small saving device ever invented.

Sending thrift stamps for valentines today will be a patriotic act and the recipient will doubly appreciate the gift.

There are some interesting items in the wanted column in this issue.

SOME LOS ANGELES HOODLUMS PINCHED

Sierra Madre welcomes visitors and is always glad to extend the hospitality of the city to decent people, but the gangs of hoodlums and rough necks who have been making it a practice of coming out from Los Angeles and conducting themselves like animals are anything but welcome and from this date stringent steps will be taken to make them behave or stay in their home city—where they are not so particular.

Saturday night a crowd of young ruffians accompanied by girls that should have been at home or under the protection of their parents, became so noisy that Marshal Udeil decided it was time to act and accordingly arrested a bunch of them, all he could handle alone, and brought them to the city office where they were cited to appear before Judge Stubbins Saturday afternoon for trial.

The News and all good citizens will commend Marshal Udeil for this beginning of a campaign to discourage rowdiness and make Sierra Madre an attractive place for decent visitors.

ANOTHER NEW BUSINESS FIRM

The advertisement of the Sierra Madre Motor Car Co., composed of J. C. Mann and C. R. Moore, will be found in another column and the News welcomes the firm to Sierra Madre. Both of these gentlemen have had years of experience in the automobile line and repair work, Mr. Mann is of Chicago and Mr. Moore from Tacoma, Wash. They are located in the building just east of Welscher's store.

CHAUTAUQUA NEXT MONTH

Final arrangements have been completed for the Chautauqua to open the night of March 3rd and continue each evening at 8 p. m. for five days closing the night of the 7th, at the Woman's Club House. The programs have not yet arrived but the News is assured it will be of the highest order, and this early notice is given that our readers may secure their season tickets before the opening night—at a saving of fifty cents.

The following persons or firms signed the contract guaranteeing the sale of the required amount of tickets and season tickets may be purchased of each of them for \$2.20 war tax included. If tickets are not secured before the opening night the regular price of \$2.75 will prevail:

Woman's Club, by Mrs. W. E. Walker, president.
Andrews & Hawks, real estate office.
Welscher's Grocery Store.
Sander's Drug Store.
Sadler's Dry Goods Store.
Bergien Bros. Furniture Co.
G. L. Kelley, Ice Dealer.
Sierra Madre Garage.
W. C. Lynch, Jr., (Lumber Yard).
Rev. C. C. Wilson.
John C. Kassner.

OUT?

Yoh bettah stop dat growlin' De dimes 't'wont never git, Ef yoh want a job, stop howlin', Go on, an' hunt foh it.

Don't do no good to "take on" 'Bout how hahd times, you feel, De shoat dat bring mos' bacon, Aint de one dat allus squeal.

—A. L. Soran.

WIN \$3 A WORD BY WRITING A VICTORY SLOGAN

Good Victory Liberty Loan slogans are wanted by the general publicity committee of the Twelfth Federal Reserve District with headquarters in San Francisco.

The committee will pay as high as \$3 a word.

First prize will be \$30, second prize \$20, and third prize \$10. Slogans should be limited to 10 or 12 words.

Send all slogans to SLOGAN EDITOR, Room 301, 430 California Street, San Francisco, California. The contest closes Saturday, March 22.

There are no Liberty Loans ahead of you after the Victory Loan, so mortgage your future for Victory Bonds. Thousands of our soldiers and sailors mortgaged their futures.

Your boy will be a better man than you are if you give him a weekly allowance for Thrift Stamps. Let him buy them himself.

CELEBRATES 90TH BIRTHDAY

Surrounded by her children and grandchildren, Mrs. Mary A. Webster, one of Sierra Madre's most beloved residents, celebrated her 90th birthday anniversary Tuesday afternoon, February 11th with an informal gathering when she was the recipient of scores of loving greetings from friends and relatives. Mrs. Webster though born in England has been in America since 1854, coming from Brooklyn, N. Y., her former home to Sierra Madre in 1893. She has raised a family of five boys and three girls, of whom the following are living: Chas. Webster, Honolulu, B. F. Webster of Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. E. H. Vanner, Mr. T. M. Webster, Miss Lydia Webster, Sierra Madre, and Ben Webster of Pasadena.

Mrs. Webster has been an active worker and member of the Episcopal church and until within the last year regularly attended its services. Her unstinting support of the church together with other charitable affairs, here and elsewhere, done quietly and without ostentation, has endeared her to the many who have been helped not only by financial aid but by the example of unswerving loyalty and faith in her religious beliefs, and her sweet and Christian character.

Mrs. Webster retains all her faculties and as a deep student of the Bible, reads every day from its pages, retaining and quoting at will many of its passages. She was a charter member of the Sierra Madre Red Cross Chapter and during the last three years has accomplished individually a remarkable amount of sewing by hand for its cause as well as other charity sewing.

A keen memory of the history of her own day, a lively interest in happenings of today through the reading of the daily newspaper, an ability to hear and see readily she has at the age of ninety years maintained her faculties and is loved and revered by all those with whom she comes in contact.

—Contributed.

When the Fat Years Return

By F. C.

Ambulance 1-86, Western Front.

When the fat years return, and, rich and free,
You half forget, as men have ever done.

The price once paid for your security,
Thinking too much of fortune lost or won.

Too much of pride and laughter, food and ease,
Or of some public favor cheaply earned.

Oh, then turn back the page and think of these
Who gave their bodies for freedom to be buried—

For these lived, too; they, too, loved ease and laughter,
Sunlight, the green earth. All that you still keep

They had, and more—vision. If you come after
And dare forget them, buried so young, so deep,

And dare forget this faith for which they stood—
Ah, but you will not, being of their blood!

—The Outlook.

Start figuring now on your personal quota of Victory Liberty Bonds. If you don't, start figuring on increased taxes.

MARRIED

Last week the News mentioned that it was a long time between marriages and hoped to chronicle one soon. The response was almost immediate as Mr. F. C. Lehman went to Los Angeles Tuesday where he was married to Mrs. Louise Hurlemann of that place. After the ceremony they returned to the home of the groom at 242 West Central and began preparations for the marriage of Mr. Lehman's niece which occurred there the next day.

Mr. and Mrs. Lehman will leave for an extended tour in the East in a week or two.

Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, Mr. Bruno Heerde, of Los Angeles, and Miss Marie Lehman of this place were married at the home of her uncle, Mr. F. C. Lehman, Rev. W. H. Stubbins officiating.

The groom is a progressive business man of Los Angeles and the bride has been a resident of this place for some twelve years, making her home with her uncle. Her many friends will wish her all the happiness and success that she anticipates.

About thirty-five guests were in attendance and between them prevented the bride and groom from leaving for their new home in Los Angeles until after 11 p. m., while the program called for their departure much earlier in the day.

The happy young people will enjoy a wedding tour after which they will be at home to their friends at their residence in Los Angeles.

SAN GABRIEL VALLEY DAY

Remember, next Wednesday, the 19th, is San Gabriel Valley day at the National Orange Show at San Bernardino. Everybody from this place who has an automobile is urged to visit the Orange show that day. Take your family and your friends and start so that you can get to the Claremont high school on the Foothill boulevard in time to join the parade which will start from that place headed by the Claremont band, promptly at 10 o'clock.

MASONIC LODGE HOLDS INSTALLATION

Annual installation of officers was the occasion of a delightful session of Sierra Madre Lodge No. 408, E. & A. M., Tuesday evening. District Inspector L. L. Test of Pasadena officiated as installing officer, with Past Master Webb as master of ceremonies. They newly installed officers are as follows:

Master, Francis Donald Ross Moore.
Senior Warden, Willard Arthur Evans.

Junior Warden, James Milton Steinberger.
Treasurer, Carlton John Pegler, P. M.

Secretary, Wilbur Sumner Hull.
Chaplain, William Henry Stubbins.
Marshal, Henry Edward Cloudman Webb, P. M.

Senior Deacon, Charles Worthington Jones.

Junior Deacon, George B. Morgridge.

Senior Steward, Ernest Lee Yerxa.
Junior Steward, Donald Covington Ashmore.

Tyler, John Edward Thompson. Following the ceremonies in the lodge room, the company enjoyed a delicious banquet in the parlors of the club house. The newly installed Master acted as toastmaster and presented Mr. Pegler, the retiring Master, with a handsome ring bearing the jewel denoting a past master of the order, in expression of the appreciation of the members for his services during the past year. Mr. Pegler responded with a few words of deep appreciation for the jewel and for the loyal support given him during the year. Inspector Test offered brief remarks in his usual happy vein of fellowship and encouragement.

Dean McCormick of St. Paul's Cathedral, Los Angeles, was the principal speaker of the evening, taking for his topic "The Rise and Progress of Symbolic Masonry." It was one of the most inspiring and at the same time one of the most informing addresses ever delivered before the local lodge, the Dean being a profound student of the history and symbolism of Masonry.

A start was made toward the establishing of a lodge library, a number of books and periodicals being presented or promised when the project was discussed. George B. Morgridge was appointed custodian of the library to receive books either by gift or loan.

A CIRCUS IN THE AIR

The air scouts at the balloon school just south of town, have been jealous of the success and praise accorded the aviation display at San Diego a couple of weeks ago and have been planning for a show of their own ever since. The program consisting of every stunt of which a balloon or an airplane is capable will be pulled off above the school grounds, a week from tomorrow, Saturday, February 22, the thrills commencing at 10 a. m. and continuing until everything has been demonstrated or darkness stops the show.

Besides balloons and airplanes there will be athletic contests (on the ground) and some of these will be funny. The show has been well advertised in the metropolitan press and a big crowd is expected.

SOLDIER-INSTRUCTOR CALLED EAST

J. Wade Brunson has a home war record of which he may well be proud. Denied the privilege of going "over there" because of his knowledge in mechanics and ability as instructor, he was retained on this side by the government to instruct machinists in the aviation branch. Last week he was called east to take a special course in the Columbia University, N. Y., at government expense and on full pay, after which he will be detailed as special technical instructor in mechanics in the service.

Sierra Madre is proud of her boys in the service as well as those who have fought and returned home, and we will all watch the career of Wade, who already has half of the alphabet strung out after his name, with great interest.

"MISSION PLAY"

By Anoth Anderson in L. A. Times

Frederick Warde, America's greatest dramatic actor, yesterday afternoon, in the role of Fra Junipero Serra, thrilled the big audience, which, despite the rain, filled the Mission playhouse at San Gabriel for the opening performance of the 1919 season of the "Mission Play."

Mr. Warde's powerful, magnetic voice held everyone breathless—spellbound. Again and again came the call for Mr. Warde before the curtain. The eminent actor's reputation for thirty years as the most powerful reader on the American stage was again given an ovation by an enthusiastic audience. Not only did the glorious voice of Mr. Warde, with its rich modulations make the hearers live and feel the character he portrayed, but his wonderful stage presence, his easy, graceful gestures, made one forget all but the beauty of the historic story of devotion and sacrifice of the early days of California.

To hear and to see Frederick Warde interpret the role of Father Junipero Serra is to see the Franciscan father reincarnated, to again live and feel the spirit of the missions. Never before was Fra Junipero portrayed as Frederick Warde portrays him. He not only inspires the audience, but the entire cast. Every member seems keyed to a new standard of dramatic art.

Miss Rosamonde Joyelle, in the role of a grande dame of the old Spanish days, is charming. Her clear, sympathetic voice in the third act has a wonderful appeal.

The songs and dances of the "Mission Play" have been greatly elaborated and strengthened by John Steven McGroarty, the author. Margaret Carrer, the Australian singer and Pedro Rives are splendid in their duet of Spanish songs, Miss Carrer has an exceptionally pleasing soprano voice and Mr. Rives a rich baritone.

One of the most picturesque figures in the cast this year is Chief Standing Bear, the Sioux Indian dancer. His barbaric headdress and full chieftain's regalia make a colorful picture.

Changes in the cast, aside from Mr. Warde in the leading role, include T. Ellingford, William Underwood and Frank Dudgeon.

Read the Wantads.

Our Woman's Department

This Department is edited by Julia Bottomley, Associate Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, and Nellie Maxwell, a National authority on Domestic Economy, for the pleasure and profit of the Ladies of Sierra Madre and vicinity.—J. F. Whiting, Editor

The KITCHEN CABINET

Hate always hurts the hater most—
for in many cases the hated are big
enough not to let the hater in.—Adams.

DISHES THAT SAVE EGGS.

A dish to save eggs need not mean that eggs are to be entirely eliminated, for we need the nutriment of this valuable food even when as high-priced as eggs are at the present time. The thrifty housewife has been beforehanded and has packed a supply of eggs in water-glass during the summer or early fall, when eggs could be purchased at a reasonable price. Eggs packed carefully may be used as fresh eggs.

A dish which takes the place of scrambled eggs, is less expensive and quite nutritive is the following: Cook a quarter of a cupful of rice in an omelet pan until a light yellow with any sweet fat, stirring often to keep it from scorching. When of a good color, broth or water may be added, with seasoning. Cook the rice until perfectly tender. Just before time to serve add a half cupful of milk and an egg or two; stir until well scrambled and serve at once.

Honey Drop Cakes.—Cream a half cupful of shortening and add a half cupful of sugar, one cupful of honey, a beaten egg yolk and a tablespoonful of lemon juice and a pinch of salt. Mix well and add three cupfuls of flour with four teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat and add one stiffly beaten white of egg.

Apple Sauce Cake.—Take half a cupful of shortening, a half cupful of sugar, one cupful of apple sauce. Cream the shortening and sugar, then add the sauce. Mix and sift together two cupfuls of flour and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful each of nutmeg, cinnamon and cloves. Beat well, then add a half cupful of raisins and bake in a loaf.

Jelly Roll.—Take one cupful of sugar, one beaten egg and one and one-half cupfuls of flour, sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder; beat well, add six tablespoonfuls of hot water and pour into a pan, making the batter about one-quarter of an inch thick. Turn out on a paper well dusted with powdered sugar, spread with jelly and roll up at once. A cloth may be rolled around the cake to keep it in place until cool.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SWEETS.

Honey will play an important part in the candies for the kiddies as sugar is not yet plentiful enough to warrant any careless use of it.

Honey Taffy.—Take two cupfuls of honey, one-half cupful of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Boil to the hard crack in cold water. Cool until it can be handled, then pull as other taffy. Cut and roll in waxed paper.

Italian Honey Candy.—Take one pint of honey, two pounds of chopped almonds, three-fourths of a pound of pecans, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one-half pound of grated chocolate. Boil until thick and smooth, then roll and allow to cool. Cut in round cakes and dry them in the oven.

Fruit Sweets.—Take one cupful each of dates, figs, raisins and nutmegs; prepare as above, adding one and a half teaspoonfuls of orange juice, a little grated rind and one-eighth of a cupful (two tablespoonfuls) of honey. Mold in small balls and roll in coconut.

Nougat.—Beat the whites of four eggs until stiff. Boil two cupfuls of strained honey until it cracks, pour slowly over the beaten whites of the eggs. Stir in the nuts and beat until smooth, pour out on a waxed paper, cover with another and a weight and let stand over night. Cut in squares and wrap in waxed paper.

Glaced Fruit and Nut Balls.—Take one cupful each of dates, figs and raisins with two cupfuls of nuts. Wash and dry the fruit, remove stones from the dates and put all through meat chopper, mixing the nuts with the fruit. Do not use the finest knife as the balls are better if not too pasty. Roll together two cupfuls of corn syrup, one-fourth cupful each of sugar and water with a tablespoonful of vinegar. Cook until the mixture is brittle when dropped in cold water. Set the pan over hot water and dip the balls, which have been rolled the size of a hickory nut, into the boiling syrup. Let dry on a buttered tin or waxed paper.

We may live without friends, we may live without books, But civilized man cannot live without cooks; We may live without love, what is passion but pining? But where is the man that can live without dining?

SOME CHOICE RECIPES.

We all have some recipes of which we are very fond. The following are gathered from many sources, but are all cherished recipes:

Martha's Cookies.—Take one cupful of shortening, a mixture of any sweet fat, adding salt, three beaten eggs, two cupfuls of sugar and a half cupful of milk. Sift two cupfuls of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and add lemon flavoring, either the extract or grated rind. Let stand an hour to chill, then add as much flour as needed to roll.

Ginger Cookies.—Take one cupful of sugar, one and one-fourth cupfuls of molasses, one and one-fourth cupfuls of melted fat, one-half cupful of cold coffee, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, two eggs, a teaspoonful of soda and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Dissolve the soda in the coffee and add salt if the fat is unsalted. Mix with flour as soft as possible and let stand an hour to stiffen and season before rolling and baking.

Chocolate Cake.—Take one cupful of brown sugar, one-fourth of a cupful of shortening, one-fourth of a cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one egg, one and one-fourth cupfuls of flour, two squares of chocolate cut up and dissolved in a half cupful of hot water, added the last thing. Bake in layers and put together with boiled frosting or orange filling which is especially delicious with this cake.

Lemon Pie (New England Recipe).—Take one cupful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of flour, one cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, the juice and rind of a lemon, the yolks of two eggs and the whites of three. Mix the sugar and butter together; add the yolks of the eggs and the flour. Mix all the other ingredients and stir in the beaten whites last. Bake in an uncooked pastry shell.

Raisin Pie.—Take one-half cupful of raisins, one cupful of water, three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, the yolks of two eggs and the juice and rind of a lemon. Bake with two crusts. The egg may be omitted and a cupful of sour cream substituted in place of the water, which makes a most tasty pie filling.

FISH, FRESH AND SALT.

Fresh fish should be firm and eyes bright. They are usually baked, broiled, fried or boiled.

There is no more appetizing dish than fresh fish caught and cooked within an hour. To broil, split the fish from the head to the tail, wipe it dry and season well with salt and pepper. Grease the broiler and cook over a good heat, turning the broiler so that the fish will be evenly cooked.

Baked White Fish.—Clean the white fish and stuff with a crumb dressing well-seasoned with onion and sage, if liked. Roast or bake like meat.

Steamed Fish.—Arrange the body of the fish in a circle, pour over it a cupful of good vinegar, seasoned with pepper and salt; let it stand an hour in a cool place, pour off the vinegar and steam twenty minutes, or longer if a large fish. When the meat is easily separated from the bones it is done. Too long cooking will destroy the flavor, but under-done fish is most unpalatable. Drain well and serve on a neatly folded napkin or fish cloth. Garnish the platter with parsley.

Baked Salt Mackerel.—Soak the fish over night skin side up to remove all salt. Place in a dripping pan with a thin covering of sweet or sour cream; bake until the meat separates from the bones.

Breakfast Codfish.—Pick up salt codfish into small bits and soak overnight in cold water. Heat some milk, a bit of butter and when hot add the fish which has been squeezed dry; when boiling hot add a little flour mixed with cold milk and cook until thick, or an egg may be used in place of the flour. Serve at once.

Nellie Maxwell

Quick Change in Style of Gowns

New York.—It is time to change a few things in women's apparel, asserts a prominent fashion authority. Women are leaping from uniforms into medieval gowns of gold, and crystal, and tulle in brilliant colors, and into smashing furs and red street apparel.

There are significant changes working up from the ground. There is the new decolletage which was prophesied in this department weeks ago and which is coming into view as smart women exploit it. Half a dozen new ways of cutting the neckline have leaped into existence and a dozen new collars claim the blue ribbon of excellence. No matter whether we dress differently about the hips and feet, we are dressing decidedly differently about the neck and even the wrists.

It is in these significant changes that the great mass of women are interested who do not feel that they can afford entirely new gowns for the mid-season.

The artist who said that all changes in fashions for women consisted in the placement of the bulge, or the absence of it, should have added that the open spaces in costumes were second in importance.

Cut to the bone, there is no doubt that he was right. The contour is the thing. It is where a garment goes in or out that determines its fashion. Few women there are who are brave enough to go against the contour of the hour, even though it may not suggest the best there is in their figures.

New Decolletage.

The change in the neckline is perhaps the most important to the average woman. She has belief in herself when it comes to cutting a new kind of neckline. She feels that a good pair of scissors may be the medium of transforming an old gown into a new gown by the simple process of turning an oblong neck into a round one, a square one, or a U-shaped one.

All history is filled with rapid changes in the neckline, and so far we have not had anything new. We have rung the bells of history all over again. That is all.

When Edward II was king of England the women wore the georgette, which wrinkled about the neck and spread outward over the chin and the back of the head. This was introduced to fashion a few years ago through a dancer and her clever designer. It is still worn by women who go motoring, and they make it of dark blue crepe or veiling, rather than of white satin.

When Richard II was king his French queen brought over the fashion of the low neck, and so, after centuries, women dropped the neck-band of the gown from chin to collar bone.

When Elizabeth was queen of England the delta decolletage was invented, and it ran along with another neckline that exposed all the chest and half the shoulders, and then, as if by a sudden spasm of prudery, hid the neck and ears by an immense ruff.

When James I came to the throne of England his queen introduced the very decollete, tight bodice with its immense, flaring collar of wired lace at the back, and when Charles I allowed Henriette of France to lead the fashions for his court, there was the low, round neckline that dipped well downward in the back and was finished with a deep vandyke collar that extended over the sleeves.

In the picturesque days of Queen Anne women introduced the low, square cut decolletage, guileless of collar, which our women have worn for two decades; and in the middle of the eighteenth century, in the Georgian

era, women used a simple decolletage in a rounded V outlined with a wrinkled handkerchief as a part of their street attire.

Running the mind over this slight summary of historical changes in the decolletage, it is easy to see that we have done nothing new; but here is what we are going to do at the immediate moment: Revive the delta of the Elizabethan times, the deep square of Queen Anne, with its tight, high line at the side of the neck, and the U-shaped decolletage of the end of the eighteenth century, with its modesty piece of lace.

Return of Lace Collars.

We have gone through a season of medieval severity in the neckline. Women have aided nature which made them ugly or cheated nature which made them beautiful by going about without any softening effect at the neck, by wearing coat collars of heavy homespun unrelieved by white, and by the use of V-shaped lines of heavy velvet and crepe which fashion kept unadorned.

True to history this was, but not true to art. There were few women who looked their best in such severity. Today collars return slowly. There are still those who tell you they are not smart, but at the exclusive house there is a tendency to put precious lace on the new neckline. It is not a V-shaped neckline; it is a deep U which calls for a softening outline and an extremely soft arrangement of lace or tulle across the bust.

The Queen Anne decolletage which hugs the side of the neck and runs down into a narrow L-shaped opening is extremely smart, and it is banded with fur and then filled in with fine folds of silk net.

It is felt by those who have their hands on the pulse of fashion that the oblong neckline of the Renaissance is no longer smart, although it is worn by some well-dressed women.

Double Neckline.

There is a disposition on the part of some designers to make a double neckline, and this they do by a subtle arrangement of thin fabrics. A certain designer has turned out a remarkably brilliant gown of raspberry chiffon having a deep U-shaped decolletage outlined with chinchilla which swings the chiffon with the movement of the figure, as though it were a necklace. Beneath it, and hugging the bust in the eighteenth century manner, is a bodice with a rounded decolletage.

There will be an oblong Renaissance neckline that reaches from shoulder to shoulder, cut on a tight satin bodice, and over that will be swung a looser bodice of colored chiffon or tulle which is high at the back and has a long, rounded line in front that drops to the waist.

Black and seal brown velvet afternoon gowns have the Queen Anne decolletage, which follows the exact line where the neck is placed on the body, until it gets to the collar bone, where it dips into a straight, open space half way to the waist. This is outlined with fur. Again, it may be outlined with Venetian point.

The delta decolletage is considered the most becoming of all for evening wear. Get out any picture of Elizabethan times and you will see what is meant. In that gorgeous era the women wore a jeweled piece of open net over the shoulder to the base of the neck at each side, and then the decolletage spread downward and outward to the arm-pits.

Take this change in the neckline seriously. It will govern the clothes of the next few weeks.

(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

USE OF FRINGE ON A FROCK

Charming Border Treatment Is Easily Produced, Affording Most Clever Arrangement.

It took some one of a decidedly unconventional turn of mind to put fringe on a frock and not use it fringed-wise, says a correspondent. The result was very decidedly to the good, and the means surprisingly simple.

You see the effect was that of large fluffy silky shells, and they made the most charming border treatment ever. The fringe was treated this way:

Lengths sufficiently long to make generous spirals were cut and applied spiral fashion with widely separated "invisible" stitches along the border of the fringe, which, of course, was perfectly plain, neither knotted nor twisted. After that each strand of the fringe was looped, or turned under itself and the end stitched securely to preserve the loop. Thus you see the effect was a soft spiral of loops. Chenille fringe would be delightful to work with this way, and perhaps a bit easier than the more "stringy" kind.

Nor is there any artistic reason for not using two colors of fringe, deep blue, for instance, and black, placed alternately.

SEASONABLE STYLES

Open squares ornament the newest velvets.

Fox furs predominate, but in the quieter colors.

Paris is making hats entirely of fringed ribbon.

A very simple velvet is called "light as foam."

They are trimming velvet dresses with dyed lace.

Grosgrain ribbon is best for millinery purposes.

White Collars.

In spite of the fact that some of the newest frocks have no white at the throat, and that others favor the rounded neck, with lace and a tucker, still others feature a white satin collar that is high at the neck and that extends in the front over the bodice quite to the waistline.

Gay Party Frocks Return



Gay troops of party frocks are fairly dancing in, no longer fearing frowns of disapproval. They are to play a part in our welcome home to our conquering heroes. As these heroes have sung the praises of American girls and have made comparisons odious to the maids of other lands, while sojourning "over there," our own girls are determined to look their best now that the boys are coming home.

"Let no maid think she is not fairer in new clothes than old"—or words to that effect—said the great poet laureate. Here, in the picture above, is portrayed a dance frock which is pretty enough to inspire appreciative people like poets and returning heroes. It is of Nile green tulle over a satin petticoat with an underbodice of cloth of silver. Iridescent bands, made of sequins that do much gleaming and twinkling, have occasional white daisies, in narrow ribbon embroidery, placed upon them. These always suggest youth. The bands are used in a border at the bottom of the

tulle skirt and in two spiral lines above. There is a short overdress, without a hem, joined to a yoke developed of the iridescent bands extended into a corselet. The tulle bodice is puffed and the sleeves are puffed and confined by bands, with pointed flounces falling from them.

Some one should whisper in the ears of auburn-haired and red-haired girls, that here is a frock that will make them look their loveliest. But this green is not a difficult color for almost any girl whatever her complexion. A radiant skin and bright hair are wonderfully set off by it.

Somber Hues.

Beige crepe de chine and dark blue satin, tete de negre velvet and black satin, blue serge and black satin, and black georgette and black satin are favorite combinations. A certain soft shade of terra cotta is also used effectively with black. The scarcity of fabrics and the necessity for conserving wool are responsible for this folie of fashion.

For Devotees of Midwinter Sports



Due to arrive just now are the more or less pretentious outfits for the devotees of midwinter sports. Pleasure-seekers are divided into two factions; one of them lured by sunshine and soft air, gay companionship and new adventure, to the South, and the other, strong for the North with its ice and snow and lusty sports. In the South fashions add their interest to every occupation, and this element of interest is not lacking where the background of all apparel is a world covered with snow and ice-bound. Since such a background calls for the sparkle of brilliant color, we await the entry of a lot of fascinating and snappy togs for Northern sportsmen, just as we would that of a heart-stirring military band.

In the vanguard, having already arrived for Christmas, there are new skating sets in two or three pieces. They are made of soft felts, basket-weave cloths, or developed in any of the heavy, soft weaves among winter coatings. Some of these sets add a small muff to the scarf and cap. There are hand-knitted and hand-crocheted sets, of yarns; those of angora having made their entry earliest. In the picture above two sets made of cloths are shown, one of felt and one of a basket-weave.

At the left, a smart set is made of wine-colored felt. The scarf is very wide, worn with a shawl effect, and finished with a knotted fringe of yarn. The cap is an inspiration of the "oversized" cap, and a metallic ornament makes a dashing finish for it. The set at the right is developed in a rose-colored basket cloth. Fringed bands of the material are used for a decoration on both the scarf and cap, but a crocheted rose of chenille blooms on the latter while the scarf, with briar-stitched edges, is cleverly folded up at one end to form a muff.

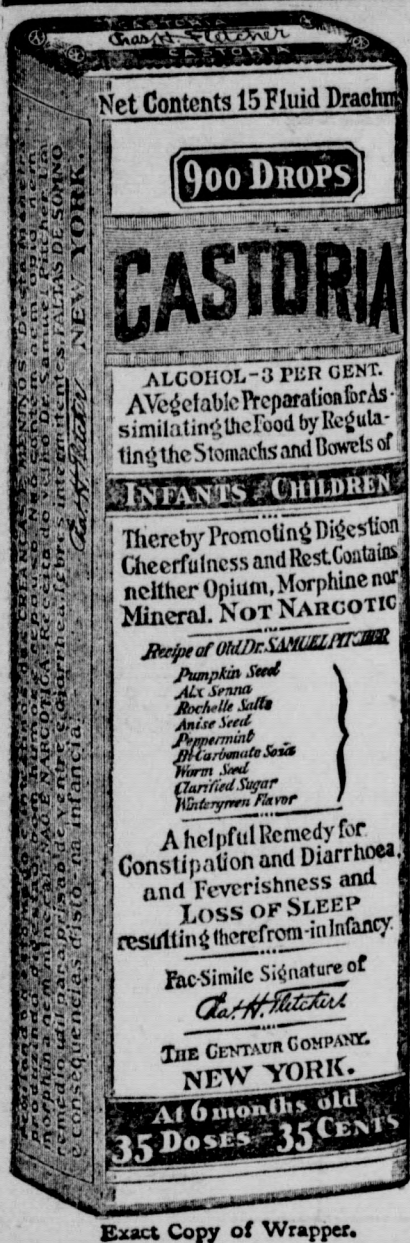
Julia Bottomley

The Separate Vest.

The separate vest is the most important and popular dress accessory of the season. It has made its appearance in innumerable fabrics, colors and general styles. Primarily the separate vest is intended for wear with the two-piece suit, but it is possible to wear it with a tailored or semitailored street frock, transforming a plain dress into one that is elaborate enough for afternoon wear. These vests may be made with or without collars, and the choice of fabrics covers the entire range from filmy nets and laces to heavy, warm angora. Separate vests of fur and imitation fur are also often made to accompany plain tailored suits, and they may be worn either underneath or outside the suit coat.

Judging Materials.

When buying woollen materials hold them up to the light and look through them; the best qualities are free from uneven and broken threads.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That
Genuine Castoria

Always
Bears the
Signature

of
Dr. J. C. Watson
In
Use
For Over
Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Why Meat Prices Vary in Different Stores

Prime steers.....	\$19.00@20.35
Good to choice steers.....	17.00@19.85
Common to medium steers.....	10.75@16.75
Yearlings, fair to fancy.....	16.00@19.00
Fat cows and heifers.....	8.35@15.35
Canning cows and heifers.....	7.25@8.25
Bulls, plain to best.....	6.50@12.50
Poor to fancy calves.....	6.75@15.75
Western range steers.....	10.00@18.00

These newspaper quotations represent live cattle prices in Chicago on December 30th, 1918.

The list shows price ranges on nine general classified groups with a spread of \$13.85 per cwt.—the lowest at \$6.50 and the highest at \$20.35.

Why this variation in price?

Because the meat from different animals varies greatly in quality and weight.

Although the quotations shown are in nine divisions, Swift & Company grades cattle into 34 general classes, and each class into a variety of weights and qualities.

As a result of these differences in cattle prices, (due to differences in weights and meat qualities), there is a range of 15 cents in Swift & Company's selling prices of beef carcasses.

These facts explain:

- 1—Why retail prices vary in different stores.
- 2—Why it would be difficult to regulate prices of cattle or beef.
- 3—Why it requires experts to judge cattle and to sell meat, so as to yield the profit of only a fraction of a cent a pound—a profit too small to affect prices.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.



Children's Coughs

may be checked and more serious conditions of the throat will be often avoided by promptly giving the child a dose of safe

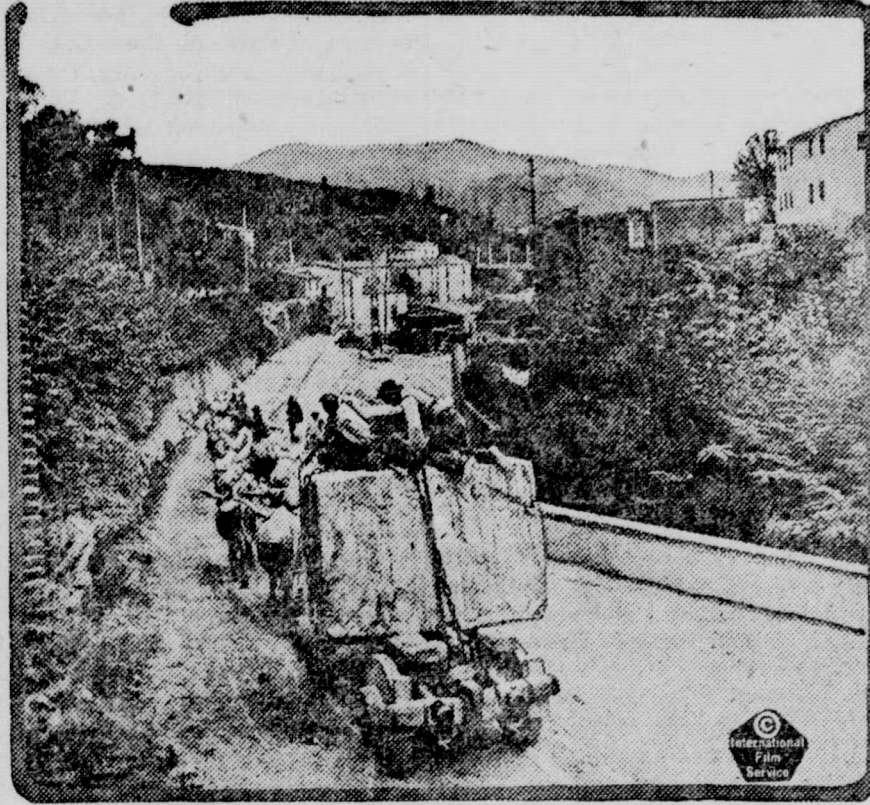
PISO'S

It takes a cheerful face to make good in a photograph.

To keep clean and healthy take Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach. Adv.

Women rule the waves in the matrimonial sea.

VINTAGE TIME IN TUSCANY



A Road in Tuscany.

IT WAS the vintage time, and I tried to forget that half of Christendom was plunged in a great war. Leaving the fighting line, I wandered about in the lovely freedom of the hill country of Tuscany, past villas which are surmised rather than seen through the long vistas of grave, still cypresses and around smiling, silver-green olive slopes from whose summits beckon dignified palace fortresses of the Medicis or sterner and more aged ivy-decked towers, writes a Tuscan correspondent of the New York Evening Post. Finally, I reached the road of my morning's quest and stopped where a high wall, after many turns and twists, suddenly opened to a vision of green terraces. It was the gate to the podere upon which Tonino and his forebears have labored for the last century and a half—the family "going to the land," not as serfs, but as willing servants of the soil.

Entering the terraced farm, I skirted a stout wall with ivy spreading lovingly over its gray stones; a hedge of winter roses followed me in fragrant companionship all the way to Tonino's farmhouse, a structure poised bravely over a precipitous ledge of rocks. The house itself might be called an architectural slant of walls, chimneys, stone flags and steps running off and down in all directions till they seem to merge with the vines and the olive tree and the green sod. I lingered a moment, then followed in the wake of a primitive oxcart, painted bright red, on which the empty grape vats rumbled sonorously as the plodding beasts dragged their draft over the stony road.

Harvesting the Grape Crop.

It was a pagan—almost bacchanalian—picture, as those huge cattle, white and big-horned, moved slowly and processionally down the way, flanked by grape vines in endless, festive wreaths and festoons strung from tree to tree.

At the lower terrace a host of neighbors was busily at work cutting the dew-moist grapes, dropping the luscious bunches into picturesque baskets lying all about. The sun played in glad, shifting shadows in and out of the vines and olive trees, while the damp soil, drinking in the solar warmth, exuded a moisture heavily odorous with the abounding vitality of Mother Earth.

The harvesters included many women, some territorial soldiers on leave and a few children. No one, old or young, gave signs of fatigue; the labor was pursued slowly and easily, not at all as a struggle in overcoming time, or resistance. It was this seeming slowness of the laborers in Italy which often gives to the outsider, especially to the nervous and strenuous American observer, the impression of a wastage of time in the accomplishment of things. This apparent slowness, however, is rather a wise restraint and distribution of effort, coupled with traditional skill or special hardiness, which bring about results by deftness as well as by mere expenditure of force.

So, at this harvesting, all of that crowded, terraced acreage had been shorn of its grapes by sundown, and all the fruit carried away to the wine press.

Supper for Tonino's Laborers.

At nine in the evening we gathered at Tonino's house for the harvest supper, to which, by immemorial custom, everyone who has labored in the vineyards must be invited. We entered by the kitchen door, near which hung a little oil lamp patterned after those of the Etruscans; at the long table in the main room of this casa colonica sat three generations of harvesters—24 men, women and children.

A warm, soothing, "natural" odor of oxen and stable came thinly and not unpleasantly into the feast chamber, which had that dignity of proportion and fine simplicity of lines which speaks of Tuscan taste, even in these humble quarters. A light hung from the center of the ceiling threw a rather dim illumination over the festive board, but amply sufficient for us to see all the good things which awaited our impending attack. First soup was served from huge bowls into deep, ca-

porious dishes; next came a rich and satisfying fritto misto, and then large platters, burdened with pasta redolent with an herb flavored sauce. There was plenty of honest wine to wash down the huge slashes of war bread served out generously to all of us.

No Bitterness in War Talk.

After the pleasant business of eating was over the men started talking about the war. It was a simple, rather objective discussion, without bitterness or hatred, of something unpleasant which had to be done, but all must wish that it should be ended and laid aside as soon as possible. Then the conversation waxed warm in the more direct and personal realities of the year's corps, and the promise for the coming seasons. One by one the little children snuggled closer to their mothers' sides and childish heads bent sleepily over the table or fell, relaxed and safe, on arms soft and solicitous with maternal care. The drowsiness of a hard day's labor crept irresistibly upon the men, urging them to well-earned and refreshing sleep.

Dog Had Something to Say.

The Hon. John W. Davis, appointed our ambassador in London in succession to Mr. Page, is an eminent lawyer. Mr. Davis tells the story of a very small boy who was trying to lead a big St. Bernard up a busy thoroughfare. "Where are you going to take that dog, my little chap?" inquired a passerby. "I—I'm going to see where—where he wants to go first," was the breathless reply.

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

RULES ON SCOUT UNIFORMS

The Boy Scouts of America uniform may be worn by any boy scout twelve years of age or over who is regularly enrolled with the national council, all associate scouts, pioneer scouts, veteran scouts, and all boy scouts who have been granted a certificate of service, provided they are in good standing with the local scout authorities in their respective communities, and all adult officials and members in good standing of the Boy Scouts of America.

It may be worn at troop meetings and socials, hikes, camps, educational trips, rallies, demonstrations and similar events, church or chapel services; when taking formal tests; when appearing before a court of honor for examination or awards; when ordered upon official duties, in such capacities as civic guides or messengers, flag raising exercises, scout headquarters' orderlies, first aid workers, etc.

During the period of the war, all scout and scout officials should wear their uniforms, whenever practicable, in order that they may be easily called for any service for which the scout movement gives training.

It should not be worn when soliciting funds or engaged in any selling campaign; when engaged in any distinctive political endeavor; when appearing upon the stage professionally; when taking part in parades other than for the purpose of rendering services as a scout.

When a boy ceases to be a scout through failure to register or through suspension or expulsion from the troop, he has no right to wear the uniform.

TOM SAWYER A GOOD SCOUT.

"Welcome to the Sea Scouts of America and good luck to you," is the greeting from their brother scouts in Great Britain, says General Baden-Powell in a letter.

"Over here the Sea Scout branch is an immensely popular one with the boys. For no boy who is a boy can resist the call of the sea.

"You fellows in the United States, even in cases where you are living hundreds of miles inland from the coast, are especially well off in having splendid rivers and lakes on which to practice. Mark Twain has shown us the wonderful possibilities for sea scouting on your great waterways, and Tom Sawyer was a top-hole sea scout of the inland.

"James A. Wilder's program of sea scouting is going to have a big boom, and you who become sea scouts under it are going to have the time of your lives, not only in the enjoyment of picking up the work but also in the valuable service you can give to your country as soon as you are efficient.

"Over here in Britain the war has given our scouts their opportunity in many directions and they have not been slow to seize it."

RUSSIAN SCOUTS SEND CABLE

That the allied armies operating in Russia are restoring conditions of living to the normal is evidenced by a cablegram just received at the national headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America, 200 Fifth avenue, New York city, from Archangel, Russia. It says: "The First Archangel Boy Scouts union sends greetings to their American colleagues."

One of the first things the German generals did in their invasion of Poland was to order the disbandment of the boy scout organizations, and the cablegram would seem to indicate that the bolshevik rule had been effective in summarily discouraging the work of the boy scout brotherhood in all parts of Russia.

THE MOTTO OF ONE SCOUT.

A New Brunswick, N. J., scout thus emphasizes the twelve points of the scout law:

TRUSTY Tommy was a scout,
LOYAL to his mother,
HELPFUL to the folks about,
FRIENDLY to his brother,
COURTEOUS to the girls he knew,
KIND unto his rabbits,
OBEY to his father, too;
CHEERFUL in his habits,
THRIFTY, saving for a need,
BRAVE and not a faker;
CLEAN in thought and word and deed,
REVERENT to his Maker.

It is observed that father comes in for consideration, but after the rabbits.

SCOUTS AID THE HOSPITALS.

The Spanish influenza struck New Bedford, Mass., with the suddenness of a bolt from the clear sky. The disease spread like wildfire, and the chairman of the emergency medical relief committee appealed to the boy scouts for assistance.

Eight emergency hospitals in that city and three in Fairhaven were opened to take care of the influenza patients. The headquarters of six of the scout troops were taken as emergency hospitals.

A Coated Tongue? What it Means

A bad breath, coated tongue, bad taste in the mouth, languor and debility, are usually signs that the liver is out of order. PROF. HEMMERLICH says: "The liver is an organ secondary in importance only to the heart."

We can manufacture poisons within our own bodies which are as deadly as a snake's venom.

The liver acts as a guard over our well-being, sifting out the cinders and ashes from the general circulation.

A blockade in the intestines piles a heavy burden upon the liver. If the intestines are choked or clogged up, the circulation of the blood becomes poisoned and the system becomes loaded with toxic waste, and we suffer from headache, yellow-coated tongue, bad taste in mouth, nausea, or gas, acid dyspepsia, languor, debility, yellow skin or eyes. At such times one should take a pleasant laxative. Such a one is made of May-apple, leaves of aloe, jalap, put into ready-to-use form by Doctor Pierce, nearly fifty years ago, and sold for 25 cents by all druggists as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

STOCKTON, CALIF.—"For constipation, sick headache, an inactive liver, indigestion and biliousness there is nothing to equal Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. I have tried other things but like the 'Pellets' best of any."—MRS. F. CANNFIELD, 222 S. Grant Street.

Don't wait until your cold develops Spanish Influenza or pneumonia. Kill it quick.



"Radeo" Idaho's Natural Soda Water. For rheumatism, nervousness and stomach cramps. 25c bottle at dealers. Wanted—Lady agents, good pay. Radeo Co., Soda Springs, Idaho.

Florida Oyster Farm 100 acres, to exchange for equipped farm or ranch or cash. C. T. Anderson, Lynn Haven, Fla.

The wife of a henpecked husband hasn't much to crow over.

Important to all Women Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and maybe despondent; it makes anyone so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

A good kidney medicine, possessing real healing and curative value, should be a blessing to thousands of nervous, over-worked women.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney liver and bladder medicine will do for them. Every reader of this paper, who has not already tried it, by enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase the medium and large size bottles at all drug stores. Adv.

Nothing provokes a proud woman like the pride of some other woman.

BOSCCH'S SYRUP

Why use ordinary cough remedies when Boscch's Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung troubles? It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, gives nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health. Made in America and sold for more than half a century.—Adv.

Graft by any other name would produce just as many plums.

Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin. When red, rough and itching with hot baths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

Some people make a specialty of killing time for others.

Your Eyes

A Wholesome, Cleansing, Refreshing and Healing Lotion—Maurine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids.

"Drops" After the Movies, Motoring or Golf will win your confidence. Ask Your Druggist or Maurine when your Eyes Need Care. M-12 Maurine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Once Tried--ALWAYS FAVORED



The
Apex
ELECTRIC VACUUM
CLEANER

—So light and Easy to Run, With So Many Exclusive Features.

—But You Really Must Try It to Understand!

ASK US TO
DEMONSTRATE

Sierra Madre Electric Co.

G. I. FARMAN, Manager

Automobiles for Hire

7 Passenger.....\$2.50 hr.
5 Passenger.....\$2.00 hr.

SIERRA MADRE GARAGE

SPECIAL—A limited number of newly retreaded second-hand tires cheap.

--SOAP

A PURE Coconut Oil Soap at
3 for 25c.

"The cakes are larger too."

THE SIERRA MADRE PHARMACY

F. H. HARTMAN & SON

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMISTS

25 N. BALDWIN AVE. PHONE BLACK 25
We Sell Germicidal Soap



TELEPHONE RED 143

FOR—POULTRY FEED. GRAINS AND HAY

EGG MASH SCRATCH FOOD
No Grit or Shell

Wheat, Barley, Baby Chick Feeds, Dairy Feed, Hog Feed, Oil Meals
Oats, Poultry Remedies, Etc. Etc.

—ALL AT LOWEST PRICES AND PROMPT DELIVERY—

J. W. STRICKLAND

139 ESPERANZA STREET Between Baldwin and Hermosa

Jitney Car Service

Phone
MAIN
136

Residence Phone Black 104
Call Mornings, Evenings, Nights

Short Trips about Town; Social Call-
ing Tr; Trips down town or back
home; Long trips (special rates);
Time trips by hour or day. You will
find my service cheaper than owning
your own car. Office and waiting room
Bergen's Furniture Store.

Phone
MAIN
136

H. DAVIS

Absolutdly Reliable Nursery Stock

FRUIT TREES, ORNAMENTAL TREES, EVERGREENS,
SHRUBS, PALMS, VINES, BEDDING PLANTS, BAMBOOS,
HEDGE PLANTS, ROSES, HANGING BASKETS,

Stock Grown in Sierra Madre.

Prices Low

Phone Your Wants

We Deliver

Irving N. Ward Nursery

Phone Blue 29.

Mt. Trail and Laurel Ave.

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

J. F. WHITING, Editor and Publisher

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post Office at Sierra Madre, Cal.

Subscription \$2.00, Yearly in Advance
Telephone - - - - Black 42

THANK YOU

We want to thank the ex-delinquent subscribers for their promptness in re-mitting or handing in the amounts due on their subscriptions.

In most cases it was a case of "didn't know I was so far behind," or "I thought my wife had attended to this," but one mangy youngish person with a hairlip temper considered his reputation ruined and called for satisfaction, which we are glad to say he obtained in the shape of a receipt in full to date and his paper stopped. That's the kind of satisfaction we want.

We fail to understand why a newspaper should not be paid its just dues as promptly and as cheerfully as any other business, but if we are obliged to "carry" certain people and spend our good money to make a paper that they may enjoy its contents, in order to retain their friendship and goodwill—well we want neither, that's all.

However, this case is an exception and we are pleased with the kindly spirit—and cash—of the rest of the list. Yes, certainly we lost some subscribers—but we have the money—and the subscription list is nearly a hundred larger than before this pay up and pay in advance campaign started so—we should worry.

THE MAJOR SAYS:

A Los Angeles paper says Henry Ford ranks with the great men of today. I'll back Zeke Slovenly against him any day. Zeke is just as rank as Henry ever dare be.

Grandpa Josh Oldboy spent the week in Los Angeles and sent Grandma Oldboy presents two or three times. He said he was trying to make up for his absence by his presents.

Not having seen Auntie Work for some days, I asked her where she had been for a week back and she said she didn't have a week back.—(Charlie Forman says he invented this over thirty years ago.)

After wading through the Sunday closing bill introduced in both houses of the California legislature week before last, by some oversight, the laying of eggs was not included, so my chickens can work right along every day in the week—if they only would.

An item in the News last week reminds Uncle Si Nisum of the practice of preachers giving the wedding fees to their wives and he remarks that cupid or something is cheating the preacher's wives in this burg.

Maurice Rheimer consulted his wrist watch, shot his cuffs and gave me this one on the spur of the moment. She had a passion for whist. Few were the tricks she missed. If you chanced to get heated and claimed that she cheated. She smiled—and you couldn't insist.

An endless dispute is going on in a Central avenue home. The mother says her girl don't fancy work and the daughter says she does fancy work.

THE MAJOR.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The talk given at the last club meeting by the Rev. Mr. George A. Andrews was very well attended and decidedly enjoyed.

The program for the next regular meeting, Monday, February 24 will be of equal interest. Mrs. Martha McCan will give her interesting talk on Reconstruction Work on this date.

YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND
WHEN THE RIGHT GIRL
COMES ALONG



DO THEY ALL HAND
OUT THE SAME LINE OF
CHATTER TO A BACHELOR?

Mrs. McCan is too well known locally as well as nationally to need any introduction to the Sierra Madre people. Having been sent overseas by our government to become familiar with the situation, and procuring many slides which will be shown by lantern, her afternoon promises one of great interest. To give all those who wish to hear her an opportunity, the club will hold an open session.

Do not forget that tonight is the Valentine masquerade dance and a very enjoyable time is anticipated, especially with our usual good music.

THE MISSION PLAY NOW OPEN

The annual Mission Play opened last Monday at Old San Gabriel Mission, with Frederick Warde in the leading part, and will continue every afternoon and Wednesday and Saturday nights.

Frederick Warde alone is worth going a journey to see and hear and we are informed that the staging is of the most elaborate order.

This annual event has been worth thousands of dollars in advertising to Southern California, although in past years it has not been a financial success, on account of the enormous expense, therefore besides witnessing a wonderful production the purchaser of each ticket will be contributing to the good of Southern California. The prices are 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

—Adv.

Easy to Avoid Worry.

Worry may be compared to any deadly disease and its victims are innumerable. And if we don't want to become one of the unhappy through we must, wherever our lines are cast, adapt ourselves to circumstances. Airing our grievances and literally looking for more will inevitably result in our becoming downright miserable.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our thanks to those who in the time of our sorrow showed their sympathy in their kind acts and services rendered.

Mrs. Ella Olive James,
Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Cook,
Marguerite Cook.

NEWS WANTED LINERS

(Rates 5 cents a line—cash in advance.)

ROOSTER WANTED—I want a big white rooster. White Leghorn preferred. Don't want for registered stock, nor fancy price. Phone Green 118.

FOR SALE—Ancona eggs for setting. Fancy stock. F. J. Ford, 250 S. Sunnyside avenue, Sierra Madre. 17-20.

FOR SALE—Beautiful drawn work; embroidery work, and Armenian work. I am doing this to support myself and family. Leave orders at 203 North Auburn Ave. Mrs. Della Monte.

HOUSE FOR SALE—Five rooms and large sleeping porch, garage, chicken house and yard, small out-building for cow or storehouse. Lot 75 by 130, beautiful location and good neighborhood. Price only \$2750. Address W. F. J., care News office 15tf

A BARGAIN FOR QUICK SALE—A brand new 7-room bungalow, modern and up-to-date, with a good garage; chicken pens and houses; all conveniences wanted on a first class home. Large lot. Price \$3000. Terms. Apply at 330 West Central Ave., or any agent. 17-20*

\$12,500.00 INVESTMENT—I want to sell 40 beautiful, slightly lots, adjoining city limits of Long Beach. Three dwellings, two barns, dairy buildings and outhouses go with the property. Put on the market and easily double your money. Price only \$12,500.00, part terms if desired. This is a way under value. See J. F. Whiting, News office. tf

WANTED—A laundress. Apply at 223 West Laurel Ave. Green 41 20*

WANTED EXCHANGE—In Sierra Madre for seven room modern residence in Glendale, including billiard room and double garage. Marquardt, 507 North Kenwood St., Glendale. 20*

FOR SALE—Garage; can be moved easily. Leave name and address with the News. 21*

FOR SALE—Buggy and harness. Both good as new. Wm. M. Gies. 320 Grove street. 20*

FOR SALE—Modern 5-room cottage, lot 50x150, for home or investment, price \$1600. Further particulars call at 90 East Central avenue. 20*

FOR SALE—Free sewing machine with drop head. Price \$15. Phone Green 135. 20*

SEED SPUDS

M. D. WELSHER, Grocer
FRESH MEATS, VEGETABLES, GROCERIES

Quality and Quantity Guaranteed
Grocery Phone Main 6 Market Phone Main 97

SPECIAL SALE—KREAM KRISP—the Finest Shortening.

Small size32c
Medium size64c
Large size1.28

A BARGAIN ON SOAP—

Clean Easy Soap5c a bar
White King Soap6c a bar
Mermaid Queen6c a bar
Hand Sapolio2 for 15c
Pummo Soap5c a bar
Washing Powder2 for 15c

SPECIAL SATURDAY—

A good Spud, \$2.25 per cwt.; 10 pounds for25c
Russett Spuds, \$2.40 per cwt.; 9 pounds25c
A good oily Black Olive, full quart can20c

HOT BREAD—Every Afternoon
3:30 P. M.
LARGE LOAVES
10c.

WATCH THIS SPACE
NEXT WEEK

SEED SPUDS

SEED SPUDS

SHOES

I carry a complete and Modern Stock of Shoes for Men and Women in all Sizes and Lasts.

I respectfully solicit the shoe trade of the people of Sierra Madre and wish to meet you face to face. Please call anyway and get acquainted next time you are in our town. I'm sure we'll like each other.

Fred T. Huggins

33 E. Colorado St.

Pasadena, Cal.

"Build the City—Trade Here"

ANDREWS & HAWKS

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance

Exchange 2j

27 North Baldwin Avenue

Congregational Church

"A Community Church"

Charles C. Wilson - Minister

SUNDAY at 11 A. M.—

"George Washington" HIS CHALLENGE
TO TODAY.

Sunday Evening at 7:30 P. M.—

"When the Boys Come Home"

"A Whole Christ for my salvation, a whole church for my fellowship and a whole world for my parish."

WITH OUR CHURCHES

Episcopal

Sunday Services: Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Morning Prayer and sermon, 11 a. m.

Rev. Marian Law of Patucket, R. I. now wintering in California, will preach this Sunday. "Crossing the Bar" by Dudley Buck, will be sang by Mrs. J. N. Hawks, Miss Frances Webster, organist.

The guild of the Church of the Ascension will meet on Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock February 21 at the home of Mrs. Williams, 61 West Highland.

Bethany

Dr. A. W. Rawlins, Pastor
Sunday Services: Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7:30 p. m.

Dr. W. A. Rawlings, who has been called to British Columbia on a business trip, will probably be away some weeks, but his pulpit will be supplied during his absence.

Congregational

"A Community Church"
Chas. C. Wilson, Minister

Sunday services: Preaching 11 a. m. "George Washington—His Challenge to Today." 7:30 p. m. "When the Boys Come Home. Midweek meeting Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.

Woman's Bible Class

Meets each Monday at 2:15 p. m. at residence of Mrs. M. O. Downs, 71 Victoria Lane. All women welcome.

Christian Science Society

Christian Science Society of Sierra Madre holds services Sunday at 11 a. m. in the Women's Club House.

"THE HEART OF HUMANITY"

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 16

Sunday, February 16th marks the formal opening of the Kinema Theater Los Angeles, of "The Hearts of Humanity," Allen J. Holubar's super spectacle starring Dorothy Phillips, which is now running in its eighth week at the Broadway theater, New York.

"The Hearts of Humanity" is not a war picture. It is an after the war drama, using the great conflict simply as a background, its theme being to show the glorification of woman that has come through the great sacrifices made by the women of the warring countries.

The critics of New York, usually the hardest judges of drama in the world, have been unanimous in their praise of "The Hearts of Humanity." The picture will be shown at the Kinema for a limited engagement only. An elaborate prologue has been arranged. Five shows daily will be given.

Do your trading in Sierra Madre.

One of the famous

"57"

Heinz Vinegars are Heinz made, with no thought but to have them the best that can possibly be produced, with that delicate flavor and exquisite aroma so necessary in a salad, a sauce or a relish.

Malt, Cider or White, the quart bottle 35c

SPECIAL PRICES FOR SATURDAY ONLY

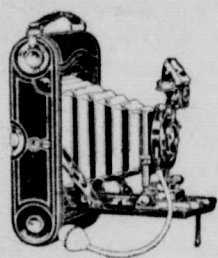
Best Creamery Butter, the pound 60c
 Fancy Evaporated Apples, the pound 27c
 Walnuts, unbleached, the pound 30c
 Elbo Macaroni in bulk, 2 pounds for 25c
 Calumet Baking Powder, the pound can 27c

ONE REGULAR DELIVERY EACH DAY

"Cash Beats Credit"

Sierra Madre Department StoreS. R. NORRIS, Prop.
Phone Black 12 291 W. Central Ave.

Let us develop
those kodak
films



You can get them next day.

February Victor Records are Here—Come in and Hear Them.

We have just received a new stock of Stationery, Toys, Kodaks and Fountain Pens, etc. and want you to come in and see how nicely we are fixed and the additions we have made to the stock.

Woodson F. Jones

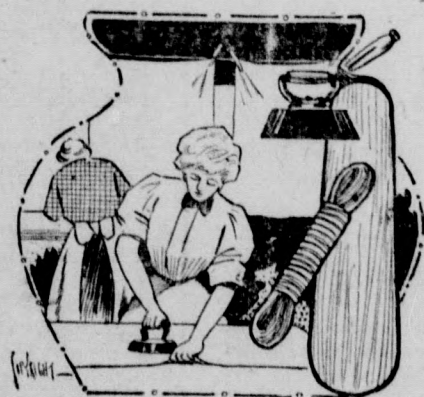
PHONE BLACK 75

31 N. BALDWIN AVE.

NEWS LINERS PAY

"Build the City—Trade Here"

**Kitchen Utensils and
Labor-Saving Devices**



You'll be surprised at the number of articles we can supply for the kitchen to save unnecessary steps. Kitchen efficiency is our hobby. Come in and let us show you.

BERGIEN BROS.

Sierra Madre

LOCAL NOTES

Mr. Albert Zoller made a business trip to Long Beach Wednesday.

Mr. A. Jach is the new barber at Langley's shop. Mr. Jach has no family—but is willing.

Mr. B. J. O'Reilly and family of Seattle are spending the winter here. They are domiciled at No. 6 Bella Vista Terrace Apartments.

Mrs. F. E. Clyde of Olympia, Wash., returned to her home Sunday, after a few days' visit with Mrs. Dr. Culbertson, 193 West Central.

Tea will be served at the Red Cross Rooms next Thursday, Feb. 20. Come early, bring your sewing and spend a pleasant afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Strong of Glendale, Mr. Casper Shermer of Los Angeles, and Chris Borgerding of Melrose, Minn., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Borgerding this week.

Henry Ford, of Detroit, Michigan, "forded" over from his winter home at Altadena last week to swap stories with his friend, W. S. Douglass, at the foot of Mt. Wilson trail.

Mrs. C. D. Bernier, of Sault Marie Michigan, Miss Rhoda Blythe of Toronto, Canada and Mr. and Mrs. Rapin and children of Los Angeles, were visitors in town on Saturday.

A number of ladies enjoyed an informal musicale and the delightful hospitality of Mrs. L. E. Lyon on Tuesday afternoon of this week at her home on Auburn avenue.

J. C. Mann, one of the new garage proprietors, has moved his family into the Bower residence on Mira Monte avenue. His partner, Mr. Moore, expects his family in a short time.

We received a nibble to our picture show line, but it was not strong—with the cash. However, we are looking for a big pull that will take the cork way under—and give us a picture show.

Some ambitious youngster could make good saving stamp money by establishing a shoe shining chair someplace on one of our principal business streets, even if he only worked an hour or two after school.

A fairly good-sized audience attended the Roosevelt Memorial services at the Woman's Club House Sunday evening despite the rain and were well repaid for the effort by the masterly address delivered by Judge E. W. Camp.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Conklin and little daughter, Jewel, and Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bergen and their daughter, Marie, motored over from Florencita Park last Sunday to call on friends and relatives.

Anticipating the coming of the new rector, Dean Shaw, the members of the Church of the Ascension are busily engaged getting the rectory and grounds in order and are building a new garage and making other improvements.

The Hawkeyes will hold their annual reunion and picnic in Lincoln (Eastlake) park, Los Angeles, all day Saturday, February 22. If you used to live in Iowa, fill the grub basket and go early.

J. B. Coleman, of Manitoba, Can., has moved his family into the property at 27 North Lima and will stay until spring. Mr. Coleman has a large wheat ranch up in that cold country and will return before his family to look after his crop.

Mr. J. E. Lyonburg, a new resident of Glendale, was a pleasant caller last Tuesday. Mr. Lyonburg is from Ohio but is getting the winter-in-California habit, and after a half hour's talk about the beauties and advantages of Sierra Madre he promised to make this place his temporary home next winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Rapin, of Los Angeles, were here with a party of friends the latter part of last week and were so pleased with the appearance of the town that they have decided to become residents, and will move here in the near future, if satisfactory arrangements can be made.

Mrs. C. C. Bergen placed a note of good cheer in the toe of a sock that she knitted and turned into the Red Cross last fall, and the first of this week received a thankful letter from the soldier boy who received it in France. No, dear reader, no romance connected with this story for instead of being a gushing young flapper, Mrs. Bergen is the grandmother of a boy old enough to be a soldier, but she is very pleased that her little note of "God Bless You," fell into appreciative hands—or feet.

The Sunday schools of all churches will open again next Sunday. A full attendance of teachers requested.

Dr. Lee DeForrest, of the DeForrest Wireless Telegraph Co., has leased the Graham mansion at the head of Lima street and becomes a winter resident of Sierra Madre.

Misses Jean and Hazel Woodward, 470 West Ramona avenue, entertained a number of Pasadena and Sierra Madre friends with a tea last Tuesday.

Mrs. R. H. Mackerras entertained Pasadena and Sierra Madre friends at her home in Pasadena, with a luncheon last Thursday, in honor of Miss Francis Sullivan of Sierra Madre.

The band will start its regular weekly practice again at the Kindergarten school building, next Wednesday evening and each Wednesday evening thereafter. All members are urged to attend next Wednesday evening.

Community Center—the most important worth while thing in this reconstruction period—and a memorial to Sierra Madre's soldiers and sailors of the great war. Attend the public mass meeting at the Woman's Club House next Thursday night.

The Dickens Fellowship was entertained by Mrs. M. D. Goodfellow at her home, 41 East Grand View, last Wednesday afternoon. Because of the proximity to St. Valentine's day, Samuel Weller's Valentine was read. A very pleasant time was reported.

One of the worst blizzards for several seasons is raging over the Middle West today, while here in Sierra Madre we are enjoying delightfully warm spring weather, ripe oranges, garden vegetables and beautiful flowers.

Mr. J. Mandel and family of Benton Harbor, Mich., are winter residents here, and occupy the property at 184 North Auburn. Mrs. Mandel's mother, Mrs. L. Sklamberg, of St. Paul, Minn., arrived last night for a visit.

Harold Sherman has been released from the navy and is visiting home folks here for a few days. He will leave for McKittrick tomorrow where he will resume his former position in Kehlet's store. He was stationed with the naval port guards at San Francisco.

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

In the interest of the moment to establish a center in Sierra Madre as a memorial of the Great War, Mr. Wilson is planning a special patriotic service for next Sunday night at the Congregational Church. "When the Boys Come Home" is to be the subject of his address. Mrs. D. A. Ashmore by request will repeat the ever popular song of John Hay, "When the Boys Come Home." The public is invited. The service is at 7:30.

BIG COMMUNITY

CENTER MEETING

A mammoth public meeting will be held at the Woman's Club House, next Thursday, February 20 at 8 o'clock p. m. to promote the movement for a community center as a memorial to the great war.

Dr. Robert Freeman, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Pasadena, will address the meeting and aid by his helpful suggestions and advice, in launching this important movement in Sierra Madre.

Dr. Freeman needs no introduction to Sierra Madre people, as his fame as an eloquent speaker, profound student, and public worker for mankind, is international. He was for one year at the head of the religious department of the Y. M. C. A. overseas, and his experience with the boys over there coupled with his extensive public work over here will assure all who attend an interesting as well as an instructive evening.

This is a public "get-together" meeting and every patriotic and loyal man and woman who can should attend. Let's fill the house to overflowing.

CITY TRUSTEE MEETING

At the meeting of the city trustees last night Mayor Mitchell read a message from Mr. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, Washington, recommending the establishing of Community Centers as memorials of the Great War. Then he unfolded the plan of the Sierra Madre Board of Trade for a social and athletic hall. Mr. Camp added fuel to the fire by recommending the coordination of all of the community organizations in a community center under the direction of a league of all community clubs and interests. Other trustees thought the larger idea more worthy and adequate to the needs of our growing community. The directors of the Board of Trade will meet tonight to consider the question of joining in the larger plan of federation with the other interests.

A Few Interesting Prices

Heinz Ripe Olives, 9 oz. net 25c
 Bishop's Petite Wafers, 18c package; two for 35c
 White Navy Soap, bar 7c; 3 for 20c; 12 bars for 77c
 Stetson Brand Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce 11-oz. 15c
 Eggs, per dozen 45c
 Idaho Russet Spuds, 10 lbs. 25c
 Sweet Potatoes, 6 pounds 25c

WATCH OUR PRICES EACH AND YOU WILL FIND THEM MONEY SAVERS

OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS

C. M. Nomura
Groceries & Fruits

PHONE MAIN 46

BANK BUILDING

Good Values

Are something we always give. We buy only standard goods—no seconds or imperfect merchandise. A few special good values are:

36 inch Bleached Muslin, good firm quality 22½c

Envelope Chemise, made of Fine Nainsook \$1.00

New Lace Edgings in the fine and heavy weaves 5c to 10c

P. F. C. Crochet Cotton, the large balls 5c and 10c

PHONE BLACK 85

J. F. SADLER & CO.

Standard Patterns

Warner Corsets

**AUTOMOBILE
REPAIRING**

We bring to the automobile owners of Sierra Madre more than twelve years of active metropolitan experience in repairing all makes of cars. This experience coupled with our guarantee of all work assures you the best service and insures you against dissatisfaction and disappointment.

GIVE US A TRIAL

On your next job and if it is not entirely satisfactory bring it back and we will make it so at no further expense to you.

**SIERRA MADRE
MOTOR CAR CO.**

(Rear of Welsher's Store)
23 EAST CENTRAL AVE

ONE QUALITY, ONLY ONE

CLEANLINESS

The other day a lady said, "This is the neatest and cleanest store I ever saw." That is our motto, "Clean, Sanitary Store" as well as fresh, pure groceries.

Our store is a convenience to this neighborhood.

YOUR TRADE SOLICITED

TERRACE GROCERY

H. A. RODGERS, Prop.

Corner of Sturtevant Road and Mountain Trail
Phone Green 99

THE THIRTEENTH COMMANDMENT.

RUPERT HUGHES

DAPHNE, AIDED AND ABETTED BY HER SISTER-IN-LAW, SUCCEUMS TO LURE OF THE SHOPS.

Synopsis.—Clay Winburn, a young New Yorker on a visit to Cleveland, meets pretty Daphne Kip, whose brother is in the same office with Clay in Wall street. After a whirlwind courtship they become engaged. Clay buys an engagement ring on credit and returns to New York. Daphne agrees to an early marriage, and after extracting money from her money-worried father what she regards as a sufficient sum of money for the purpose she goes to New York with her mother to buy her trousseau. Daphne's brother, Bayard, has just married and left for Europe with his bride, Leila. Daphne and her mother install themselves in Bayard's flat. Winburn introduces Daphne and her mother to luxurious New York life. Daphne meets Tom Duane, man-about-town, who seems greatly attracted by her. Daphne accidentally discovers that Clay is penniless, except for his salary. Bayard and his wife return to New York unexpectedly.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

Her sympathies would ordinarily have been with her brother in any dispute between him and his wife. But this was a dispute between Bayard and love. It was sacrilegious for him to go on reading the Times when his bride had so much more important things to discuss. He heard her discuss them as through a morning paper darkly, and he made the wrong answers, and finally he snatched out his watch, glared it in the face, gasped, and attacked the last of his breakfast like a train-catcher at a lunch-counter.

It was thus that he heard Leila wail, "What's to become of me all morning?"

Bayard stared at her sharply, but spoke softly enough: "Why, I don't know, honey. There ought to be plenty for you to do. The Lord knows there's enough for me at the office."

"All right," sighed Leila. "I'll be brave and worry through somehow, till noon, with my sweet new sister's help. But we'll come down and lunch with you. About what time do you go out to luncheon, By?"

Bayard's answer was discouraging: "This is one of the three days a week when the heads of the firm always lunch at Delmonico's in a private room. I'm afraid I can't lunch with you today."

"And you'll leave me this whole terrible day? I can never exist so long without you!"

"I'm mighty sorry, honey. But men must work, and so forth. I've been away too long. The office needs me. And I've spent a lot of money, and I've got to go down and earn some more to buy pretty things for my beauty."

This brightened her in a way he had not expected, and a little too far beyond his hopes. Gloom left her face like a cloud whipped from before the sun. She dazzled him with her smile.

"Oh, I know what to do! Daphne and your mother and I can go shopping."

Bayard's heart flopped. He wondered what on earth more there was in the shops that she could want to buy. She had come to the marriage with her trousseau only partly completed, on account of the haste of the wedding. But she had bought and bought in Europe. She had made his honeymoon anxious by her rapacity for beautiful things to wear. And now that they had come to New York with their old trunks bulging and new trunks bought abroad bulging, and had paid a thumping sum at the custom house, now she was still eager to go shopping!

What he wanted to do was to quit buying for a while and sell something. He did not say this. Love was slipping the bandage off one eye; but it had not yet removed the sugar stick that stops the tongue from criticism.

Leila grew more cheerful at a terrifying rate: "Go on to your old luncheon, my dear child, and Daphne and your mother and I will go on a spree in the shops. Then we'll all have a banquet tonight and a theater, and if you're not too tired, a supper; and if you're very good I'll take you to one of those dancing places afterward. I'll buy the theater tickets myself. I'll get good ones. I want to save you as much trouble as I can, honey. So run along to your office and don't worry about us. But you must miss me—frantically! Will you?"

He vowed that he would, and he meant it. She was a most missable creature.

He rose to leave, but she stopped him to say, "What play shall we see?" This was the occasion for elaborate debate till Bayard gave signs of trumpeting his wrath and bolting.

Leila graciously released him only to call him back to say that he had forgotten his newspaper.

"I left it for you. Don't you want to read it?" he asked. "I can get another at the subway station."

She shook her head: "There's nothing interesting in the papers. I'm just from Paris, and I know more about the fashions than they do."

Bayard shuddered a little, inly. The times were epic. Immortal progress was being made as never before: ancient despots were turning into republics, republics were at war with one another; constitutions, labor problems, life problems, all social institutions, were being ripped up and remade, all the relations of masters and men, mistresses, children, wives, animals.

Yet Leila said there was nothing in the papers! Revolutionary news meant to her a change in the fashion in sleeves, the shift of the equatorial waistline a trifle nearer the bust or a trifle nearer the hips, the release of the ankles from tight skirts. The great rebellion in her world was the abrupt decision of the dressmakers that after years of costumes clinging more and more closely to the human outline they would depart from it in every way possible. Leila was interested vitally in what women would wear and what they would leave off, and grandly indifferent to which nations were shooting at which. Bayard hesitated, appealed again to his watch, gasped at the hour and the minutes, kissed Leila violently, kissed Daphne and kissed his mother and rushed for the door. Leila put out her arms again.

"I must be last," she cried, and as he bowed into her arms she kissed his ear and whispered, "and first, too, and all the betweens."

Bayard was a business man from his cradle days. He loved promptitude. He blushed to arrive late at his office and set a bad example to his stenographers and clerks. It was his creed that success comes to those who arrive earlier on the battlefield than the others, fight harder, stay longest there, and end every day with the next day's maneuvers clearly realized as part of the next month's campaign.

There was need for concentration in his business, for he had brought back from Europe a sense of great disaster in the air. And there was no encouragement in American business except an instinctive feeling that the worst must be over because it had lasted so long.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a time when everybody was cutting down appropriations, reducing expenses. Cities, counties, states, nations were all paying the penalty of



In the Window on a Dummy With No Head, No Feet, and a White Satin Bust Hung a Gown That Seemed to Cry Auld to Daphne.

former extravagances by present economies. Rich people were positively boastful of their penuries.

The three women assailed a list of things on Daphne's trousseau with the

ruthlessness of an auditing committee. Her cut out this and that, decided that this gown could be omitted or postponed, that waist could be had in a cheaper quality, these parasols were not really necessary, those stockings need not be so numerous all at once.

And yet even Mrs. Kip admitted that the whole array was far beyond the reach of her husband's means. Still she insisted that he could provide a partial trousseau at least. She herself would "go without things" for ten years if necessary.

Daphne, however, was haunted by the vision of her father's harrowed, money-hungry face. When her mother reminded her that it was his last chance to do anything for her, she retorted, "Yes, and it's my last chance to do anything for him."

Her pride was wrung by her plight. She must either go shabby or cause acute distress to one or both of the men that were dearest of all in the world to her. She must leave behind her a burden of debt as a farewell tribute to her father, or she must bring with her a burden of debt as her dot.

"No!" she cried, with a sudden impatient slash at the Gordian knot. "Clay will have to take me just as I am or take back his diamond ring he wished on me."

Her defiance was not convincing. Her mother protested:

"It's not Clay that you have to consider. He'll never know what you have on. It's the guests at the wedding—and your old friends and the neighbors. You don't want them to think we're poor and that your father is marrying you off cheap, do you?"

Daphne flared back, "It seems mighty foolish to go and make yourself really poor in order to keep from seeming poor, especially when you never fool anybody except yourself!"

Leila, with the magnanimity of a native spendthrift, tried to soothe the fever of the rebel: "Let's go prowling around, anyway. I may see something I want for myself. Bayard dragged me away from Paris before I had finished shopping. There are several things I need desperately."

The three wise women set forth: they joined the pettecoated army pouring from all the homes like a levee en masse, a foray of pretty Huns.

They reached the alluring place where the famous Dutilh, like an amiable Mephistopheles, offered to buy souls in exchange for robes of angelic charm.

In the window, on a dummy, with no head, no feet, and a white satin bust, hung a gown that seemed to cry aloud to Daphne:

"I belong to you and you belong to me! Fill me with your flesh and I will cover you with an aureole."

The three forlorn women understood the message instantly. They looked at one another, then, without a word, entered the shop, doomed in advance.

Leila was known to Dutilh and he greeted her with an extravagant impudence that terrified Mrs. Kip:

"You little devil!" he hissed. "Get right out of my theater. How dare you come here after letting somebody else build your trousseau?"

Leila apologized and explained and he pretended to be mollified as he pretended to have been insulted. Having thus made the field his own, he turned to Daphne, studied her frankly with narrowed eyes as if she were asking to be a model, and sighed:

"Oh, what a narrow escape!"

Daphne jumped and gasped, "From what?"

"That gown in the window, that Lanvin that was born for you. You must have seen it—the afternoon one in parchment-toned taffeta and tulle."

The women, astounded by his intuition, nodded and breathed hard, like terrified converts at a seance. He was referring to the one that belonged to Daphne, and he ordered her to get into it at once.

She demurred: "I'm afraid of the price. How much is it, please?"

"Don't talk of money!" Dutilh stormed. "I hate it! Let's see the gown on you." He called one of his tawny manikins. "Help Miss Kip into this gown, Maryla."

A mournful-eyed beauty led Daphne into a dressing room and acted as maid. Daphne stepped out of her street suit into the Parisian froth as if she were going from chrysalis to butterfly. Maryla was murmurous with homage as she fastened it together and led Daphne forth.

Mrs. Kip felt as if she had surrendered a mere daughter and received back a seraphic changeling. Daphne was no longer a pretty girl; she was something ethereal, bewitched and bewitching. If she could own that gown her mother would be repaid for all her pangs from travail on. She would accept the gown as advance royalty on any future hardships.

Daphne looked about for Leila, but Leila was gone. She reappeared a moment later in a costume almost more delicious than Daphne's—a tunic of peach-blow tulle caught up with pink rosebuds and hanging from a draped bodice of peach-blow satin that formed a yoke low on the hips. And there was a narrow petticoat of peach-pink satin. It was as if peaches had a soul, as perhaps they have.

Perfect happiness is said to need a bit of horror to make it complete. The happiness of the two girls did not lack that element. The price of their glory furnished it. They asked the cost with anxiousness.

Said Dutilh: "To Miss Kip I'll let it go dirt cheap for three hundred and twenty-five. The one Miss—er—Mrs. Kip has on I'll give away for—umh, well—say the same price."

Daphne and her mother were sickened. But Daphne was suffering one

of those gusts of mania that ruin people. Her soul of souls clamored to wear that very gown that very afternoon. Even to take it off would hurt like flaying.

Leila had the same feeling. Her appetite for resplendent gowns had grown with exercise.

Dutilh took pity on them: "Look here," he said, "I'll make the price two hundred and seventy-five. It's giving them away, but you are such visions in them!"

It was a big reduction, but it left the price still mountain high.

"I want something to wear tomorrow afternoon," Leila said. "I've got to go to a tea and my sister has to go with me."

Daphne had not heard of the tea, but she wanted somewhere to go in that gown.

Dutilh smiled: "Nothing easier. Take the duds with you or let me send them. Where are you living now?"

Leila made a confession: "The trouble is, Mr. Dutilh, that I'm just back from Paris and I haven't a cent left, and Miss Kip is buying her trousseau and has spent more already than she expected to."

Dutilh rose to the bait that he had expected them to dangle: "That's simple. Why not open an account with me? Take the gowns along and pay me when you like."

Leila mumbled, "I should have to ask my husband."

Daphne said, "My father wouldn't like me to start an account."

"Charge it to your sister's account, then, and pay her."

"You say you would charge them both to me?" said Leila.

"Certainly," said Dutilh.

"Send them, then," said Leila, with imperial brevity.

"Thank you," Dutilh smiled. "You shall have them this afternoon. And



"He's Awfully Rich, I Suppose," Said Daphne.

by the way, I've just remembered a marvelous design by Paul Poiret's. Let me show it to you."

"Come quick; let's run," said Daphne, and she hurried out of the infernal paradise.

They dawdled on, down the avenue, pausing at window after window, each flaunting opportunities for self-improvement. But Daphne's joy in her new gown was turning to remorse. She was realizing that that parchment-toned taffeta needed parchment-toned stockings and slippers and a hat of the same era as the gown.

She was startled from her reveries by the sudden gasp of Leila:

"If there isn't Tom Duane just coming out of his club!"

"I met him last night," said Daphne.

"You did? Did he say he knew me?"

"He said that Bayard stole you from him."

Leila was flattered, but loyal: "Nonsense. I was never his to steal. I never loved him, of course. It wouldn't have done any good if I had. Tom Duane's a nonmarrier."

"He's awfully rich, I suppose," said Daphne.

"No, not rich at all, as rich people go. But he was mentioned the other day in the will of an old aunt he used to be nice to. He's nice to everybody."

Daphne met them now and paused, bareheaded, to greet Daphne with flattering cordiality. She was greatly set up to be remembered. She presented him to her mother, who was completely upset at having to meet so famous an aristocrat right out in the street when she was still flustered over the ferocious price of Daphne's new dress.

"Will you have a bite of lunch with me?" asked Duane.

"We were just going to have something somewhere," said Mrs. Kip.

"My husband would object," said Leila.

"I'm not inviting you," said Duane. "I'm inviting the genuine Mrs. Kip. You may come along as old married chaperon, if you have to."

"But Miss Kip is engaged."

"So I suspected. That's why I'm inviting her. I feel safe."

As they turned east into Forty-fourth street and entered Delmonico's the carriage man saluted Duane, pedestrian as he was, called him by name, and seemed to be happier for seeing him. The doorman smiled and bowed him in by name, and Duane thanked him by name. The hat-boys greeted him by name and did not give him a check. The head waiter beamed as if a long-awaited guest of honor had come, and the captains bowed and bowed.

Duane did not ask his guests what they would have. The head waiter

told him in a low voice what he ought to have.

Daphne rejoiced. All luxury was magic to her. Fine clothes, fine foods on fine dishes, fine horses, motors, furniture, fine everything, gave her an exaltation of soul like the thrill of a religion.

New York was heaven on earth. The streets were gold, the buildings of Jasper, and the people angels—good angels or bad, as the case might be, but still angels. She wanted to be an angel.

Among the squads of men and women camped about the little tables she made out Sheila Kemble again, in a knot of elderly women of manifest importance.

"Isn't that Sheila Kemble?" Daphne asked.

"Yes, that's Sheila," said Duane, and he waved to her and she to him. He turned back to Daphne. "Awfully nice girl. Like to meet her?"

"I'm crazy to."

"I'd bring you together now, but she's completely surrounded by grandes dames."

He named the women, and Mrs. Kip gaped at them as if they were a group of Valkyrs in Valhalla. It startled her to see them paying such court to an actress. She said so.

"All great successes love one another," Duane explained. "Those old ladies were geniuses at getting born in the best families, and Sheila has earned her place. She looks a bit like your daughter, don't you think?"

Mrs. Kip tilted her head and studied Miss Kemble and nodded. She made the important amendment. "She looks like she used to look like Daphne."

"That's better," said Tom Duane. "Miss Kip might be her understudy."

"How much does an understudy get?" said Daphne, abruptly.

"I haven't the faintest idea!" Duane exclaimed. "Not much, I imagine, except an opportunity."

"Is it true that Miss Kemble makes so much?"

"I'd like to trade incomes with her, that's all. Her manager, Reben, was telling me that she would clear fifty thousand dollars this year."

Mrs. Kip was aghast. Daphne was electrified. She surprised Duane with another question: "You said Miss Kemble was married?"

"Yes, and has children, and loves her husband. But she couldn't stand idleness. She's just come back to the stage after several years of rusting in a small city."

Daphne fired one more question point-blank: "Do you think I could succeed on the stage?"

"Why not?" he answered. "You have—with your mother's permission—great beauty and magnetism, a delightful voice, and intelligence. Why shouldn't you succeed? You would probably have a peck of trouble getting started, but—Do you know any managers?"

"I never met one."

"Well, if you ever decide that you want to try it, let me know, and I can probably force somebody to give you a job."

"I'll remember that," said Daphne, darkly.

She said nothing more while the luncheon ran its course.

The women got rid of Tom Duane gracefully—Leila asked him to put them in a taxicab, as they had still much shopping to do. They rode to a department store, and Leila started another account. They rode back to the apartment. There they found a day letter from Daphne's father to her mother.

"As you see by papers big Cowper firm failed today for ten million dollars this hits us hard you better come home not buy anything more situation serious but hope for best don't worry well love."

Mrs. Kip dropped into a chair. The shock was so great that it shook first from her a groan of sympathy for her husband.

"Your poor father! And he's worked so hard and been so careful."

Bayard came home late for dinner and in a state of grave excitement. The great Cowper wholesale establishment had fallen like a steple, crushing many a house. Indirectly it had rattled the windows of Bayard's firm; had stopped the banks from granting an important loan. Bayard spent a bad day downtown. The news of his father's distress was a heavy blow. But he tried to dispense encouragement to the three women who could not quite realize what all the excitement was about, or why the disaster of a big chain of wholesale stores would be of any particular importance to them.

Bayard was just saying: "I tell you, Leila honey, I was the wise boy when I grabbed you, for now I've got you, and I need you. Thank the Lord I'm not loaded up with debt. I've kept clear of that."

Daphne is confronted by a situation that forces her to make the most momentous decision of her life and she makes it without the slightest hesitation. You will not want to miss reading about this in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Builder of Pagoda.

The Burman, if he acquires wealth, must also acquire merit—"Kutha"—and this he must do by building a pagoda on which shall be set out on a marble slab how much money he spent on building it. He likes people to address him as "Builder of a Pagoda," and he will say to his wife before others: "Oh, wife of a builder of a pagoda!"

HOW THIS NERVOUS WOMAN GOT WELL

Told by Herself. Her Sincerity Should Convince Others.



Christopher, Ill.—"For four years I suffered from irregularities, weakness, nervousness, and was in a run down condition. Two of our best doctors failed to do me any good. I heard so much about what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others, I tried it and was cured. I am no longer nervous, am regular, and in excellent health. I believe the Compound will cure any female trouble."—Mrs. ALICE HILLER, Christopher, Ill.

Nervousness is often a symptom of weakness or some functional derangement, which may be overcome by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as thousands of women have found by experience.

If complications exist, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions in regard to your ailment. The result of its long experience is at your service.

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS

that make a horse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-down, can be reduced with

ABSORBINE



also other Bunches or Swellings. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. Economical—only a few drops required at an application. \$2.50 per bottle delivered. Book 3 R free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for man-kind, reduces Cysts, Wens, Painful, Swollen Veins and Ulcers. \$1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free. W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

GIRLS

Clear Your Skin Save Your Hair With Cuticura Soap, Oint., Talcum. See each sample of Cuticura, Dept. 2, Boston.

Sugar Lid Off.

Three-year-old Bobbie's afternoon nap being unusually short, he was bathed, dressed and permitted to wander through the big house while his mother prepared her toilet. Bobbie found many interesting things to do; poured water off the gold fish, climbed into the kitchen sink and made cement out of his brother's sand from the hoisting toy.

Bobbie was sternly taken to task, his mother relating his "little sins" one by one. Penitent Bobbie's confession was: "Yes, but mother, that was not all! I dipped my hand in the sugar bowl and just ate sugar, and ate sugar and ate sugar."

Bobbie was not punished, and his mother camouflaged her smiles.

For What Ailed Him.

The nervous wreck had explained at great lengths his symptoms. All that were described in the medical books he had, and some besides—all of which were described at great length.

"Do you understand me?" he finally asked the doctor when he had ended his enumeration.

"I do," replied the doctor, "and I'll give you something for your pains."

A Mistake.

"I'll bet the crown prince never was on the firing line."

"Oh, yes, he was. He's just fired three cooks."



The Popular Choice

People of culture taste and refinement are keen for health, simplicity and contentment. Thousands of these people choose the cereal drink

INSTANT POSTUM

as their table beverage in place of tea or coffee.

Healthful Economical Delicious

Are You to be Married in June?

Time now to buy your engagement ring. If selected here it will be a never-ending delight. One quality—fine. Our reasonable prices ease the way.

BOYD PARK

MAKERS OF JEWELRY
106 MAIN STREET SALT LAKE CITY

BARGAINS IN USED CARS

10 splendid used cars—Buicks, Oldsmobiles, Natives—\$250 to \$500. Guaranteed fine cars running condition—easy terms if wanted by right parties. Write for detailed list and description. Used Car Dept.
Randall-Dodd Auto Co., Salt Lake City

LAND INNOCENT OF BATHTUBS

In Turkey the Stationary Tub, So Familiar in Western Lands, Is Absolutely Unknown.

The Turk in spite of his constant bathing (bathing being enjoined by the Mohammedan religion) has no stationary tubs nor wash bowls—indeed, Turkish houses are quite innocent of plumbing, says Edith Gilfillan, in an article on the colorful ancient capital of the Ottoman empire. But as the Turk never bathes save in running water the brick floors contain drains that carry the water to the garden outside. Always before eating, a servant pours, from a pitcher, water over an oriental's hands; which seems a wise provision, for they do not use knives nor forks; spoons only are used to eat soup or sherbets.

They do not sit around a table as we do, but sit on cushions round foot-high table trays. All over the near east they have but two meals. Breakfast is a sort of movable feast up to eleven o'clock. It consists of coffee, fruit and various hot breads. The Turk is enabled to sustain life until his dinner at sunset by drinking innumerable cups of thick, hot, heavily-sweetened coffee.

Dinner, which is consumed in the evening, is the only meal the Turk takes in the bosom of his family. It often is an elaborate affair of twelve courses: Tomatoes and squash and eggplant and other vegetables stuffed with rice or minced meat or cheese, fish swimming in oil, mutton stews, goat fricassees, roasted chickens, rich pastries and candies, preserves of plum and quince and fig and peach, and always coffee and the narghile—waterpipe.

At some of these dinners they drink a sort of brandy called raki; but alcoholic drinks are anathema to the orthodox Turk.

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE PASSES

World Soon to Have Little Use for Picturesque Character Whose Fortune Was His Sword.

If it shall now come to pass, as it well may, that there shall be an end put to wars, the old-time soldier of fortune will become an extinct species.

The world, of course, can get along very well without him, and yet he will be missed. For he is a very ancient institution. Indeed, he was with Alexander and Caesar, Napoleon, the captains and the kings of every nation under the sun wherever there was a knife to stick or a bullet to shoot.

Slowly but surely, however, the ground has been cut from under the feet of the soldier of fortune, and now it seems that, at last, he is to disappear completely.

He had a good time, though, while it lasted, and it did last a long time, at that. For there was always, somewhere, a job waiting for him. If things went stale on the Spanish Main, he could cross over to the other side of the world and find another banner under which to fight.

It was all the same to him, which side he fought with or against. He had no enmities, no hatreds; he had no grudge to satisfy. His business was fighting. The doubloon of Spain looked just as good to him as the sovereign of England or the yen of Japan.

Real "Handy Man."

A Tasmanian jack of all trades claims that he is a hairdresser, tobacconist, cycle repairer, electrical certified engineer, certified marine engineer for the Derwent, organist and choftrmaster, stencil cutter, fretworker, billiard hall keeper, proprietor circulating library, and is manager of the local town hall.

Lava Warm After Thirty Years.

Newly ejected lava from Vesuvius has been tested and found to be at a temperature of 1,500 degrees Fahrenheit. On the volcano's slopes lavas from various outbursts are definitely isolated, and even now lava thrown out 80 years ago is quite warm.

Gay New York.

"So this is gay New York?"
"It is."
"And who are those hurrying, worrying folks?"
"They are the gay New Yorkers. You hear so much about in medical plays"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

In Style.

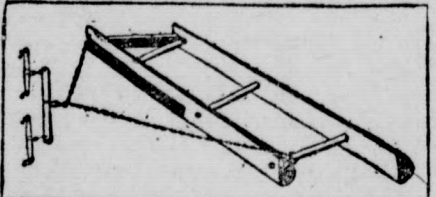
"And this porous plastic" said the fashionable "you recommended it?"
"So" at they're all
won

ROAD BUILDING

BUILD SPLIT-LOG ROAD DRAG

Main Point to Remember Is That Device Should Be Faced With a Strip of Old Iron.

Everybody knows about the split-log road drag and the cut here shown is so clear that it needs little explanation. The main points to be remembered are that a part of the front portion of the drag should be faced with a strip of iron (an old wagon tire will do) and the hitch so arranged that the drag will move along at an angle—always pushing the loose dirt toward



A Road Drag.

the center of the road. The occasional use of this drag on any road will certainly improve it and no farmer will make a mistake in constructing one and using it on the highways that pass through his farm.

FARMER NEEDS GOOD ROADS

Motor Has Extended His Sphere of Operation Until 100 Miles Doesn't Worry Him.

There is a reason for American tardiness in road building. We need not be utterly downcast when we hear our highways unfavorably compared with the fine, smooth roads of Europe. We must remember that European highways were hundreds of years in the making and in periods when roads were the sole means of transportation, both civil and military. There were no railroads, no electric lines, no wire communication. Road building was the essence of commercial life and communication.

America started almost with the railroad and the steamboat. Comparatively a few years later we had the telegraph. Our roads were neglected because they were only local in character. Our railroads and telegraph enabled us to leap the centuries. But now we are confronted by a new need. It is the need for better local transportation, says Chicago Tribune. Where formerly the farmer was content with a few miles of dirt roads for his local traffic, he now requires hundreds of miles, for his area has expanded with the advent of gasoline.

A few years back there was the protest that good roads was merely the argument of the automobilist, a species restricted chiefly to metropolitan districts. A part of that argument still obtains—that good roads is the demand of the automobilist; but the automobilist is the farmer. The motor has extended his sphere of operation until 100 miles is of no more concern to him than was ten before.

FOR GOOD SPRING HIGHWAYS

One Big Item in Preparedness Program Is to Clean Outside Ditches During Autumn.

Winter weathering may be great for the farmers' fields, but it's hard on the road.

The best way to prevent extreme weathering of the road is to clean out the side ditches before freezing weather sets in and to keep the road surface in condition so that it will freeze up in a well-dragged condition.

Cleaning the side ditches will allow the water to run off and avoid the possibility of the road freezing in a saturated condition. Dragging the road to a smooth surface will eliminate possible water pockets and allow the water to escape in the side ditches.

USE TAR AND HAY COVERING

Found to Wear Quite Satisfactorily Over Almost Pure Sand Roads in Wisconsin.

In Wisconsin there are several long stretches of almost pure sand roads. Considerable difficulty is experienced in passing over them either in dry weather or in wet weather. Numerous schemes have been tried in an effort to make them passable, the most promising of which at present appears to be a covering of hay and tar. Last summer several sections of sand road were treated with this combination. After a few weeks of usage it was found to have withstood the wear of traffic and a stretch over a mile in length was given a similar application. So far, it is said, the hay-and-tar covering is wearing in a very satisfactory manner.—Pathfinder.

CLEAN ROADSIDES ARE BEST

Makes Road Look Much Prettier and Takes Very Little Time—Payment Not in Cash.

Why not now the weeds along the roadside? How much prettier the road will look. It only takes a few minutes. No, it doesn't matter that you may receive no cash payment for this service. The knowledge that you have beautified the world a bit is pay. And we do our bit in ways aside from donating cash to worthy causes.

CAP and BELLS



A Serious Conflagration.

It was the day after the hog-carric's picnic, and Hogan was in a bad way.

"Och, murther, Honora," he groaned, "it's me insides that's burnin' up intirely."

"Dye think, Mike, that ye could get th' foire under control wid a bottle of beer?" asked Mrs. Hogan.

"Oj dunno," said Hogan, "but anyway it would help to wet down th' ruins."

Explanatory.

Lieutenant—Becker, what is an examining post?

Becker—An officer that examines posts.

Shour holds up his hand.

Lieutenant—All right, Shour, tell what an examining post is.

Shour—A post where medical officers examine men.—Camp Lee Bayonet.

A Victim of Force.

"A hippopotamus is not much for looks."

"Quite true, but the fact that you are able to make that observation is no fault of the hippo."

"What do you mean?"

"No member of the species has ever been known to put himself voluntarily on exhibition in a zoo."

Facts Wasted.

"That wealthy amateur who got a job as an actor has an automobile, a motorboat, an airplane and a special train. And what part do you suppose they gave him?"

"What?"

"That of a walking gentleman."

WAS THE BOY MIXED?



"What is it, Bobbie?"

"Mother wants to know if you will let her take your bottle of facial expression?"

Sure.

A scientist will always aim to prove each situation. And, if he fell from grace, he'd blame the law of gravitation.

Unsuccessful.

"I sent my daughter to a cooking school to fit her for marriage."

"Was the experiment a success?"

"No; the man she was engaged to found it out."

Plenty of Whiskers.

"We can't seem to get hold of a photograph of this bolshevik leader."

"I'll fix that," said the magazine editor. "Just photograph the office dog. He's a skye terrier."

Its Use.

Warden—We have a fine laundry in this prison.

Visitor—I suppose that is where you wash and iron the convicts.

Providing.

"Do you think a wife ought to go through her husband's pockets?"

"Certainly, if she thinks there is anything in them."

Her Comeback.

He (savagely)—Pah! It's no use arguing with a fool.

She (sweetly)—But I wasn't arguing with you, dear.

Pulling the Box.

Central—Is this an important call? Mr. Enpeeck (in his office)—Super-important! I always have to report to my wife when I start for lunch and immediately on my return. She positively won't stand any nonsense from me.

Good Advice.

"Would you advise a young man to go into any business where he saw an opening?"

"Yes, unless he was sure the opening wouldn't get him into a hole."

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE SICK ANIMALS.

"I have a sore throat," said the hippopotamus.

"Well, it's better to be a hippopotamus and have a sore throat than it is to be a giraffe and have one," said the elephant in the next yard.

"I'm sick of that old story about a giraffe having a sore throat, or not having one, or if he did have one, or was going to have one, or however the story goes," said the hippopotamus.

"And why are you sick of it?" asked the elephant. "Because you have a complaint can't you think of any other creature at the same time?"

"But the giraffe hasn't got a sore throat," said the hippopotamus.

"How do you know he hasn't?" asked the elephant.

"Because I've heard that story for ages and ages."

"Well, one of these days he might up and have a sore throat just to fool all such creatures as you," said the elephant.

"If he didn't have a sore throat for any better reason than to fool other creatures I wouldn't think much of him," said the hippopotamus.

"Well, we will admit that the giraffe hasn't a sore throat that we know of at this time," said the elephant, "but that doesn't have to keep you from feeling sorry for any other creature with a complaint."

"I didn't say," the hippopotamus answered, "that I was so hard-hearted that I didn't feel sorry for anyone but myself, but I did say that I wasn't sorry for a creature with nothing the matter with him."

"But I have something the matter with me," said the elephant sadly.

"Oh, then I am most extremely sorry," said the hippopotamus. "Pray tell me what the matter may be?"

"I am lame," said the elephant. "My ankles have become a little weak and strained."

"Oh, that's too bad," said the hippopotamus, shaking his big, strange head. "That's too bad, indeed, it's too bad."

"You're certainly being very polite and sympathetic now."

"I am glad I seem to please you for I can tell by your voice that I do, but what does it mean to be sympathetic?" asked the hippopotamus.

"It means that you have the power of sympathy or the power of being sorry."

"So you insisted on informing your entire family that Santa Claus is a myth."

"Yes. It seemed to me about time I was getting personal credit for being the chap who pays the bills."

END INDIGESTION. EAT ONE TABLET

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN INSTANTLY RELIEVES ANY DISTRESSED, UPSET STOMACH.

Lumps of undigested food causing pain. When your stomach is acid, gassy, sour, or you have flatulence, heartburn, here is instant relief—No waiting!

"Oh, That's Too Bad," Said the Hippopotamus.

ry for someone besides yourself," said the elephant.

"Is it such a powerful thing to have?" asked the hippopotamus.

"No, it's not powerful. When I said you had the power of sympathy I meant you could be sympathetic if you tried."

"I am sorry your ankles hurt," the hippopotamus said, "for though ankles are far away from the throat it doesn't matter much what part of us hurts if some part is hurting."

"If I have a sore throat I think that is worse than anything. If I have indigestion I think that is dreadful, and if my foot aches, or if one of my teeth ache—or even if several teeth ache at the same time I think there is nothing worse than tooth ache."

"Yes," said the elephant, "it all depends on what one has aching as to what one thinks is the worst ache."

"Are you sorry I have a sore throat, even if I'm not a giraffe?" asked the hippopotamus, after a moment.

"Of course, I am," said the elephant. "I am most extremely sorry."

"Well," said the hippopotamus, "I like to hear you say that."

Just at that moment along came the zoo doctor and the keeper.

"These two animals aren't feeling quite all right," said the keeper, and the zoo doctor saw that it was true.

He gave the elephant braces and shoes for his feet, which would strengthen his ankles and make him all right in a few days, and he rubbed the hippopotamus' throat and made it feel so, so much better.

"I always dread seeing the doctor," said the hippopotamus, "but he does make a creature better."

"I'm the same way," agreed the elephant, "but I certainly feel much better already."

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

No Use to Him.

A little boy reached school with very untidy hair and his teacher asked him: "Why don't you brush your hair?"

"Ain't got no brush, sir," replied the boy. "Why don't you use your father's brush, then?" asked the teacher.

"He hasn't a brush either," was the reply. "No brush! Why hasn't he a brush?" asked the teacher again in astonishment. "He's got no hair," was the gloomy reply.

WRIGLEY'S Is Sealed!

LOOK for the sealed package, but have an eye out also for the name WRIGLEY'S

That name is your protection against inferior imitations. Just as the sealed package is protection against impurity.

The Greatest Name in Goody-Land—

The Flavor Lasts

WRIGLEY'S SWEETENED TOBACCO
WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM
WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM

Sealed Tight Kept Right

16

Wanted Due Credit.

"So you insisted on informing your entire family that Santa Claus is a myth."

"Yes. It seemed to me about time I was getting personal credit for being the chap who pays the bills."

END INDIGESTION. EAT ONE TABLET

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN INSTANTLY RELIEVES ANY DISTRESSED, UPSET STOMACH.

Lumps of undigested food causing pain. When your stomach is acid, gassy, sour, or you have flatulence, heartburn, here is instant relief—No waiting!

"Oh, That's Too Bad," Said the Hippopotamus.

ry for someone besides yourself," said the elephant.

"Is it such a powerful thing to have?" asked the hippopotamus.

"No, it's not powerful. When I said you had the power of sympathy I meant you could be sympathetic if you tried."

"I am sorry your ankles hurt," the hippopotamus said, "for though ankles are far away from the throat it doesn't matter much what part of us hurts if some part is hurting."

"If I have a sore throat I think that is worse than anything. If I have indigestion I think that is dreadful, and if my foot aches, or if one of my teeth ache—or even if several teeth ache at the same time I think there is nothing worse than tooth ache."

"Yes," said the elephant, "it all depends on what one has aching as to what one thinks is the worst ache."

"Are you sorry I have a sore throat, even if I'm not a giraffe?" asked the hippopotamus, after a moment.

"Of course, I am," said the elephant. "I am most extremely sorry."

"Well," said the hippopotamus, "I like to hear you say that."

Just at that moment along came the zoo doctor and the keeper.

"These two animals aren't feeling quite all right," said the keeper, and the zoo doctor saw that it was true.

He gave the elephant braces and shoes for his feet, which would strengthen his ankles and make him all right in a few days, and he rubbed the hippopotamus' throat and made it feel so, so much better.

"I always dread seeing the doctor," said the hippopotamus, "but he does make a creature better."

"I'm the same way," agreed the elephant, "but I certainly feel much better already."

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

No Use to Him.

A little boy reached school with very untidy hair and his teacher asked him: "Why don't you brush your hair?"

"Ain't got no brush, sir," replied the boy. "Why don't you use your father's brush, then?" asked the teacher.

"He hasn't a brush either," was the reply. "No brush! Why hasn't he a brush?" asked the teacher again in astonishment. "He's got no hair," was the gloomy reply.

Worry gives the undertaker more business than hard work ever did.

"So you insisted on informing your entire family that Santa Claus is a myth."

"Yes. It seemed to me about time I was getting personal credit for being the chap who pays the bills."

END INDIGESTION. EAT ONE TABLET

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN INSTANTLY RELIEVES ANY DISTRESSED, UPSET STOMACH.

Lumps of undigested food causing pain. When your stomach is acid, gassy, sour, or you have flatulence, heartburn, here is instant relief—No waiting!

"Oh, That's Too Bad," Said the Hippopotamus.

ry for someone besides yourself," said the elephant.

"Is it such a powerful thing to have?" asked the hippopotamus.

"No, it's not powerful. When I said you had the power of sympathy I meant you could be sympathetic if you tried."

"I am sorry your ankles hurt," the hippopotamus said, "for though ankles are far away from the throat it doesn't matter much what part of us hurts if some part is hurting."

"If I have a sore throat I think that is worse than anything. If I have indigestion I think that is dreadful, and if my foot aches, or if one of my teeth ache—or even if several teeth ache at the same time I think there is nothing worse than tooth ache."

"Yes," said the elephant, "it all depends on what one has aching as to what one thinks is the worst ache."

"Are you sorry I have a sore throat, even if I'm not a giraffe?" asked the hippopotamus, after a moment.

"Of course, I am," said the elephant. "I am most extremely sorry."

"Well," said the hippopotamus, "I like to hear you say that."

Just at that moment along came the zoo doctor and the keeper.

"These two animals aren't feeling quite all right," said the keeper, and the zoo doctor saw that it was true.

He gave the elephant braces and shoes for his feet, which would strengthen his ankles and make him all right in a few days, and he rubbed the hippopotamus' throat and made it feel so, so much better.

"I always dread seeing the doctor," said the hippopotamus, "but he does make a creature better."

"I'm the same way," agreed the elephant, "but I certainly feel much better already."

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

No Use to Him.

A little boy reached school with very untidy hair and his teacher asked him: "Why don't you brush your hair?"

"Ain't got no brush, sir," replied the boy. "Why don't you use your father's brush, then?" asked the teacher.

"He hasn't a brush either," was the reply. "No brush! Why hasn't he a brush?" asked the teacher again in astonishment. "He's got no hair," was the gloomy reply.

SPECIAL SALE of Ladies Wrist Watches

These watches are made of the finest materials and workmanship and are reliable time keepers, fully guaranteed.

The \$18 kind for.....	\$15.00	The \$20 kind for.....	\$17.00
The \$25 kind for.....	\$20.00	The \$30 kind for.....	\$24.00
The \$50 kind (14k solid gold for.....)			\$42.00

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS

FRANK FRAIBERG
Opposite P. E. Station

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE



Special Attention to Renters
Going to Buy?—Consult my lists.
Want to Rent?—Inspect my properties.

A. N. ADAMS

Phone Black 8.

22 North Baldwin Ave.

"Build the City—Trade Here"

THE L. W. BLINN LUMBER CO.

Incorporated

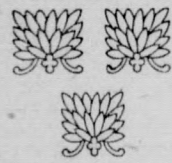
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Puget Sound Pine and Redwood

LUMBER

Shingles, Doors, Sash and General Building Material

W. C. LYNCH, JR., Agent - Sierra Madre, Cal.

Fern Lodge



Sierra Madre people are invited to visit the beauties of nature just at their door. A trip to Fern Lodge will delight and surprise you.

JOHN BOYD & SONS
152 N. Mt. Trail Sierra Madre

Automobile for Hire!

FIVE-PASSENGER OVERLAND

Anywhere — Any Time — Night Calls A Specialty

Rates \$2.00 per Hour

Special Rates by the Day—Minimum for Local Calls 25c

H. A. BINFORD

N. E. Cor. Highland and Mt. Trail

Phone Black 122

J. C. WHYTE

Transfer and Express

FURNITURE MOVING A SPECIALTY.

PHONE BLUE 55

148 N. MT. TRAIL

Cigar & News Stand

Newspapers and Magazines

Phone Green 85. Next to P.O.

A. E. PETTIT

Let George Fix It

I am prepared to do repairing of all kinds
Fix and make Keys, Sharpen and Set Saws,
Repair Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Etc., Etc.

GEORGE COX, 28 N. Baldwin Ave.

PHONE GREEN 8

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

Sheriff's Sale
No. B67937
Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure and Sale.

Carl H. Eilers, Plaintiff.

vs.

Ross B. Matkins, Defendant.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 27th day of January A. D. 1919, in the above entitled action, wherein Carl H. Eilers the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against Ross B. Matkins, defendant, on the 7th day of January A. D. 1919, for the sum of Twenty-three hundred sixty-five and 80-100 (\$2365.80) Dollars gold coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 10th day of January A. D. 1919, recorded in Judgment Book 444 of said court, at page 197, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Lot thirty-four (34) of the Sierra Madre Tract, as per map recorded in book nine (9), page one hundred seventy one (171) of maps, in the office of the county recorder of Los Angeles County, California. Together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Notice is hereby given, That, on Monday, the 3rd day of March, A. D. 1919, at 12 o'clock M. of that day in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interests and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash gold coin of the United States.

Dated this 6 day of February, 1919.
Jno. C. Cline,
Sheriff of Los Angeles County.
By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.
Emery & Rehart, Plaintiff's Attorney.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

Sheriff's Sale
No. B62995
Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure and Sale

Clement Molony, Plaintiff.

vs.

David Unruh, as executor of the last will and testament of H. A. Unruh, deceased, Jennie A. Unruh, John Doe, Jennie Doe, Richard Roe and Helen Roe, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 22nd day of January A. D. 1919, in the above entitled action, wherein Clement Molony the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against David Unruh, et al, defendants, on the 14th day of August A. D. 1918, for the sum of Ninety-seven hundred fifty-six and 82-100 (\$9756.82) Dollars gold coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 21st day of August A. D. 1918, recorded in Judgment Book 437 of said Court, at page 233, I am commanded to sell all those certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Lots one (1) two (2) seven (7) and eight (8) in block eighty-seven (87) of the Santa Anita Tract as per map recorded in book 34, pages 41 and 42, miscellaneous records of said county, further described as:

Beginning at the point of intersection of the center lines of Orange and Fifth Avenues, thence north nineteen hundred eight-seven (1987) feet along said center line of Fifth Avenue to the center line of White Oak Avenue, thence east six hundred forty three and three-tenths (643.3) feet along said center line of White Oak Avenue, thence south nineteen hundred eighty-seven (1987) feet to the center line of Orange Avenue, thence west six hundred forty three and three-tenths (643.3) feet along said center line of Orange Avenue to the point of beginning, containing twenty nine and two-tenths (29.2) acres more or less. Together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given, That on Monday the 10th day of March, A. D. 1919, at 12 o'clock M. of that day in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interests and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash gold coin of the United States. Dated this 13th day of February, 1919.

JNO. C. CLINE,
Sheriff of Los Angeles County.

By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.
J. V. Hannon, Plaintiff's Attorney.

20-24

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

Sheriff's Sale
No. B70115
Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure and Sale

Mandana Jenkins, Plaintiff.

vs.

Charles A. Drew, Martha Jane Drew, E. C. Sisson and F. H. Wilcox, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 7th day of February A. D. 1919, in the above entitled action, wherein Mandana Jenkins, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against Charles A. Drew, et al, defendants, on the 28th day of January A. D. 1919, for the sum of Seven hundred thirty and 16-100 (\$730.16) Dollars gold coin of the United States which said decree was, on the 4th day of February A. D. 1919, recorded in Judgment Book 444 of said Court, at page 243, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City of Pasadena, County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Lot ten (10) of the Magnolia Tract as per map recorded in the office of the county recorder of Los Angeles County, State of California, in book of maps, five (5) at page 145. Subject to the conditions, restrictions and reservations, contained in a deed from Anna W. Pritchard and L. P. Pritchard to L. C. Turner, dated the 17th day of December, 1907, and recorded in said recorder's office in book 3320, at page 7 of deeds, which mortgage is recorded in book 3494 at page 46 of Mortgage Records in said county. Together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given, That, on Monday the 10th day of March, A. D. 1919, at 12 o'clock M. of that day in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interests and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash gold coin of the United States.

Dated this 13th day of February, 1919.

JNO. C. CLINE,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County.

By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.
Tanner, Odell & Taft, Plaintiff's Attorney.

20-24

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE UNDER EXECUTION

Sheriff's Sale No. B63810
J. B. Harker, Plaintiff

vs.

Richard H. Cole, et al, Defendants

By virtue of an execution issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, wherein J. B. Harker, plaintiff, and Richard H. Cole and Merl B. Cole, defendants, upon a judgment rendered the 20th day of August, A. D., 1918 for the sum of Twelve hundred eleven and 90-100 (\$1211.90) dollars lawful money of the United States, besides costs and interest, I have levied upon all the right, title, claim and interest of said defendants, Richard H. Cole and Merl B. Cole, of, in and to the following described real estate, situate in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

A portion of lots 6 and 9 of tract No. 1524, in the county of Los Angeles, State of California, as per map recorded in book 20, page 135 of maps in the office of the county recorder of said county, described as follows: Beginning at a point in the south line of lot 9, distant 500 feet east of the southwest corner of said lot 9, thence north parallel with the west line of lots 6 and 9, 313 feet, thence east and parallel with the south line of said lot 9, 380 feet, thence south parallel with the west line of said lots, 313 feet to the south line of said lot 9, thence west along the south line of said lot 9, 380 feet to place of beginning.

Public Notice is hereby given, That I will, on Monday, the 17th day of February, A. D., 1919, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, sell all the right, title, claim and interest of said defendants of, in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder.

Dated this 23 day of January, 1919.

JNO. C. CLINE,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County.

By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.
I. K. Hulme, Walter H. Sprague, Plaintiff's Attorney.

17-20

SAVE

Money Energy Time

BY SENDING US YOUR
DRY CLEANING!
WITH YOUR LAUNDRY

1 BUNDLE DELIVERY BILL

—expert workmen
—modern, sanitary equipment.
—prompt service
—right prices

Monrovia Laundry Co.

Sierra Madre Solicitor

Black 143

Sierra Madre Agency

Green 85

Mount. Wilson Coffee Parlor

LUNCHES

FOR

HIKERS

A

SPECIALTY

J. A. Saenger

At the End of the Car Line

NURSE LITTLETON USES IT

Harper's Solid Extract of Red Clover, (not a patent medicine) prevents the flu, cleanses the blood, restores convalescents and builds up the system. Recommended and sold by F. H. Hartman & Son, druggists. adv.

To Sierra Madre Ladies

We wish to announce the Display of Beautiful Models of Semi-dress, Tailored, and Golf Hats. All goods moderately priced and made up from our own materials.

Drop off the car at Euclid and just a few steps south will bring you to our place. I wish to meet you personally.

Euclid Millinery

18 S. Euclid Ave. PASADENA

TRADE at HOME

And let J. D. Tucker do your Painting, Tinting and Decorating, Fine Interior Finish Work and all kinds of Sign Painting, Gilding, etc.

Established in Sierra Madre in 1888

J. D. TUCKER

PAINTING CONTRACTOR

Phone Green 80

Residence 111 Suffolk Ave.

O Ninth National

---AT---

San Bernardino

Feb. 14 to 23 Inc.

CALIFORNIA'S BIGGEST
MID-WINTER EVENT

S Pageant of Peace

80---Beautiful Girls---80

O Pacific Electric

Ship Your Freight the